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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

from Washington
May 9, 1981

Reagan's Gamble

When Washington had trolley cars it was still a small town. The state and war departments were in the same building; the restaurants and hotels were segregated. The country was near revolution. Something was the matter with it. Witchcraft, maybe. A quarter of the work force desperately hunted jobs. General Motors stock had dropped from $91 to eight dollars. People were starving but farmers couldn't sell food; people were cold but clothing factories were shut. Every bank was closed. Then came that voice over the Atwater Kent. It was vibrant, confident. It was eight minutes past one on March 4, 1933. "We have nothing to fear but fear itself." That was the beginning of the 100 Days.

People compare that to Ronald Reagan's 100 Days. How silly can you get? Now Reagan is engaged in his first showdown with Congress over his budget. He is probably at the peak of his popularity, after his assassination escape, and he is engaged in battle already. Probably he will win and reporters will say it's a great victory. Well, maybe. Certainly there is drama in the confrontation. After Reagan's address to Congress last week there were as many stories about how he looked as about what he said.

There are some similarities between 1933 and now. One is that Reagan, like Roosevelt, is attractive, cheerful, courageous—a crowd-pleaser. Another is that now, as then, nobody quite knows what ails the economy.

Business is on the side of Reagan; it invented him as a General Electric after-lunch promoter. One of the biggest corporate merger waves in history is going on; the big ones are gobbling up the little ones. The antitrust law may be watered down. Industry reviews the list. Federal land? Let's exploit it. Environment protection? Loosen it up. The 50-year old Davis-Bacon construction wage law (the government must pay "prevailing wages" in an area) may be repealed. The trend applies to the budget too: throw out social programs and save money. This mood can be exaggerated—a lot of deadwood is overdue for trimming. But what is happening now is a kind of counter-New Deal, an anti-Roosevelt.

The greatest difference of all is in scale. One can't go through those 15 major laws passed in the Roosevelt 100 Days without awe: farm, bank, railroad credit guaranteed one after another; the Civilian Conservation Corps; a national relief system; the TVA. There were Fireside Chats, there were 15 messages to Congress. "God-sent," said Cardinal O'Connell. In short, FDR snapped the nation out of hysteria.

Roosevelt did one mean thing to his successors in all this: he made it seem so easy. "If he could get Congress to cooperate why can't our man?" people have reflected since. The answer is, of course, than in war, or an emergency, the nation falls in behind the commander-in-chief; leadership becomes semi-dictatorship. There are more polite terms for it, but Lincoln didn't hesitate to take liberties with the Constitution. In quiet times things are just the opposite. Congress can't agree with the president, the president differs with Congress, and the offspring is nobody's child. It will be so, I think, with Ronald Reagan. Perhaps it is tactless to suggest as much now, when Reagan euphoria abounds. But remind me that I have written this a year from now. Congress and president will be assailing each other, I suspect, and voters will be asked to fix the blame. In self-defense a president must paint a dark picture of what he finds when he takes over. Reagan has described the country's problems as the worst since Roosevelt. And so now, he says, we must employ drastic remedies: "Isn't it time we tried something new?"

It is very difficult for America to balance its budget. Everyone in Congress wants the budget balanced but everyone has some special goody he wants protected. The president makes concessions too. He spares Jesse Helms his tobacco subsidy; he spares Howard Baker his Clinch River breeder reactor. When failure comes we have nobody to hold accountable. There is a regular cycle of disillusionment with a new president, which already had begun for Reagan in falling polls before the assassination attempt. It is likely to reappear.

What should we say about the Reagan budget? He assails the House Democratic alternative because "quite simply [it] falls far too short of the essential actions that we must take." Instead he proposes an extraordinary leap in the dark. The Democrats' alternative would cut federal spending more than Reagan and would seek a smaller deficit. Instead, Reagan would spend more money for arms, and he would rely on the Kemp-Roth theory that by cutting income taxes 30 percent over three years he would produce an economic revival. The increase in arms expenditure over five years, MIT economist Lester Thurow figures, would be $181 billion. That's three times bigger than the Vietnam build-up. One can only guess its inflationary effect. Meanwhile Reagan would be cutting billions from taxes. The first-year cost would be $44 billion, economist Walter Heller figures, and it would be $142 billion per year by 1985. Congress probably won't accept this. Even some of Reagan's own traditional-school economists don't believe in the proposed tax cuts.

Reagan used the emotionalism of his reappearance before Congress to gain political advantage and described to the vast TV audience his economic proposals in surprisingly partisan terms. There may have been no alternative to this approach and he did it in a benign way. How would the opposition have felt in 1865 if Lincoln had returned to Capitol Hill after an unsuccessful attack by Booth to thank Congress for its sympathy and to ask for higher tariffs?

The Reagan speech came late at night, too late for Democrats to mount a studied reply. They realized they were being smothered in sentiment. The politely worded Reagan charge that the Democratic budget would spend more money and "increase tax payments over a third" was, sputtered House Majority Leader Jim Wright, "thoroughly inaccurate," and the same was true of the charge that Democrats are slashing defense.

The Reagan views went unanswered for almost 24 hours, and the folks who had watched the TV show had the comfortable assurance that the proposed Reagan 30 percent tax cut was really no tax cut at all. He meant, of course, that if high inflation continues it will boost income tax returns. But of course reducing inflation is what the game is all about. The Reagan program is an extraordinary gamble.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 9, 1981

You Can't Go Home Again

With good reason, many people look back with nostalgia to the Eisenhower era. (See page 26.) But it's not coming back. Last week saw the death of one more link with that time of stability and middle-class self-confidence: the 30-year fixed-rate home mortgage. This is the financial instrument that created the post-war American landscape. A few happy souls who bought houses in the Eisenhower era are still writing tiny checks every month to pay off loans of $15,000 or so at four or five percent. If you are one of them, please don't burn your mortgage after the last payment. Preserve it, instead, as a valuable historical artifact from an America where everyone with a regular job could afford a house with a yard, and even sophisticated financial institutions thought they could predict the value of money and credit decades into the future.

It's amazing how long it took the banks and the savings and loans to catch on. Three years ago you could walk in off the street and borrow thousands of dollars for 30 years at nine percent. It seems like a dream. The awakening has been quick and harsh. Recently, rates of 15 percent and more have not been enough to entice mortgage money from anyone except those who could turn around and resell the mortgages, under various federal programs, to the government, the only institution still foolish enough to lock itself into a fixed return on today's dollars for decades into the future. But inevitably, even the government had to face reality. The Federal Home Loan Bank Board, which regulates the savings and loan industry, has ruled that starting April 30 S&Ls can offer mortgages that vary with inflation. None will offer the old kind anymore.

Some consumer groups complain that variable-rate mortgages are a rip-off. They are, only in the sense that life is a rip-off. The old system delivered pleasant windfalls to people lucky enough to have homes with low-interest mortgages. They had an inflation-proof asset, paid for under an arrangement that pretended inflation didn't exist. These windfalls came mainly at the expense of small savers, who left their money in S&Ls at five percent while inflation was running two or three times that rate. But the windfall days were over whether or not the government had changed the rules. Small savers are withdrawing billions of dollars a month from S&Ls and putting them in money-market funds that pay real-world interest rates. Thirty-year mortgage money, when available at all, has reflected the most pessimistic assumptions about the future value of the dollar. No one was going to guarantee the home purchaser 30 years of inflation-free living anymore, because no such guarantee is possible and at last everybody realizes it.

The variable-rate mortgage is actually a small step toward bringing inflation under control, because it gives homeowners—a voting majority in the country—less of a stake in continuing inflation. Higher inflation will raise their monthly payments, and lower inflation will lower them. Home buying will be less of a gamble on further erosion of the dollar, and more of a rational calculation of family housing needs. This should cool real estate speculation, while making it easier for those who need a place to live to afford one.

Another wise government move last week was the Reagan administration's decision not to rescue the S&Ls by artificially restricting the high-interest money-market funds. The only way to free up

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money for productive investment is to increase saving and reduce borrowing for consumption purposes. For this to happen, the cost of borrowing and the reward for saving must both reflect the reality of inflation. Even with the advent of the variable-rate mortgage, there is a huge built-in prejudice against saving and in favor of borrowing as long as the interest people *pay* is tax-deductible while the interest they *receive* is heavily taxed. Probably the most anti-inflationary step the government could take would be to phase out the home mortgage interest deduction, and index the tax on savings for inflation. As it is, these relics of a happy economic age actually prevent us from bringing back the soothing Eisenhowerish stability we long for.

What's in the Daily News?
I'll tell you what's in the Daily News.

Squib King Writes Finis

Reuben Maury, who died last week, was my introduction to the political occult. I used to sneak peeks at his stuff by reading it over the shoulder of people on the subway or on the kitchen table of a friend's parent. I would wonder at it, sometimes laugh at it, sometimes think it represented the McCarthyite pogrom that would be coming soon, but never that I can recall did his work enter what is sometimes called (despite the fact that it was rented) my father's house. Maury wrote editorials for the *New York Daily News*.

My father read the *New York Times*, the pre-Murdoch *New York Post*, and before that *PM*. Dad was a liberal and Maury definitely was not. He was against FDR, the New Deal, Truman, Stevenson (oh boy, was he against Stevenson), the United Nations, foreign aid, poor people, welfare, punks, dreamers, do-gooders, pinkos, intellectuals, and people like my father who were none of the above but who would not bring home the *Daily News* even though it had comics and the *Times* did not. What it had were those outrageous editorials.

Maury wrote them from 1926 until 1972—some 10,000 of them. He wrote the most reactionary editorials this world has ever seen. He was against everything and for nothing unless, of course, it was something like war with godless Russia or restoring the death penalty. (COME BACK LITTLE HOT SQUAT, he titled one of his many editorials on that subject.) He wrote these editorials in a lucid, punchy style that was both so easy and so much fun to read that anyone who grew up in New York has heard that something like 80 or maybe 90 or maybe 110 percent of the *News*'s readers read them. And ignored them. Maury wrote for the most Democratic readership in the nation. He was, like so many reactionaries, a prophet after his time.

It was Maury's bad luck to get his sendoff in the *New York Times*. There the beatings he daily administered to anyone to the left of Generalissimo Franco were called "quirky formulations." They included calling the duke of Windsor a "moral tramp" (how true, how true) and Fiorello LaGuardia "Lippy LaGuardia, the Little Flounder." He called Neville Chamberlain a "stumblebum" and Eleanor Roosevelt "the most dangerous woman in the United States." On the editorial page of the *Daily News*, Wendell Willkie was "a laugh," Alf Landon "a dumbbell or hypocrite," and Robert Welch, the patrician Boston lawyer who wept during a confrontation with Senator Joseph McCarthy, "Willie the Weeper Welch." As for McCarthy himself, Maury called him "the meat-ax." That was a compliment.

These editorial muggings delighted his readers for the same reasons they so shocked me, a child weaned on the *New York Times*. Here was a man who somehow wrote the way New York talked. He wrote for Queens, not for Manhattan, and what he said he said straight and blunt. Like the city he wrote for, he was in a hurry, somewhat weary, always cynical, knowing that the kid who mugged a lady and took her purse was neither misunderstood nor under-loved. He was a punk and should have his butt kicked.

Rodney Dangerfield would say that Maury didn't have no respect. KING SLOB IS DEAD is the way he headlined an editorial obit. for King Farouk, the deposed Egyptian monarch. Maury began the piece this way, "A 285-pound corpse in Rome is Farouk I," and ended it like this: "Sad thought, that a ruler, ex or not, goes to his grave mourned by none but a corps of call girls and casino hangers-on." When Fidel Castro took sick, Maury slugged his editorial: NOTHING TRIVIAL, WE HOPE. No one ever said Reuben Maury couldn't write—or that he was stuffy: "As for the News," he once wrote, "it has always refused to be stuffy and please the Good Lord, it always will." Reuben Maury did his best to please the Good Lord.

His trademark, aside from his blunt language, was his transitions. In the *News*, one editorial often set up the next. In 1965, for instance, Maury noted the breaking of diplomatic relations between the United States and Cambodia by writing first of the threat to what was then called "the Free World" ("The stake there is Southeast Asia and whether it is to be enslaved by Red China") and then segued into the Cambodian situation with the words, "In which connection." Then came a dash and then the headline PRINCE NORODOM SIHANOUK then another dash and then the body of the editorial in which the Little Prince was called "Snooky" and Maury took yet another shot at foreign aid: "We only wish a lot of other deadbeat nations would get off our foreign aid gravy train in a similar fashion."

In the *News* (which is to say, in Maury's editorials), there were no such thing as welfare recipients. There were cheaters. Invoking the Fifth Amendment meant guilt. Treason existed, there was always a clear and

(continued on page 8)

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Correspondence

'No ideas but in things'

To the editors:

It's agreeable to see so much space given to a serious review of a serious poet (Helen Vendler's review of *A Coast of Trees* by A.R. Ammons, *TNR*, April 25). I've a bone to pick with Vendler, though, for Ammons is who and what he is, let critics praise or flay.

Vendler's raptures over such entries as

> it is as
> it is: it can't be cast
> aside except to cast
> shape aside, no part in it
> free to cast free any
> part

seem to me inane and to generate such a fog over the whole issue of what poetry is or can be as to do a disservice to the art. "The rigidity of this verse," says Vendler, "defies us to shift a single word."

Come on, Helen! How about, for instance," . . . it is as it is: it can't be cast aside except to cast shape aside, no part in it free to cast free any part"? Rather ordinary prose, isn't it? So what apotheosis is attained by stringing that prose out vertically instead of horizontally? And if it were strung out horizontally, it obviously could use a bit of ballast to hold down what is a purely abstract formulation. (The balloon is indeed loose in this one.)

I congratulate Ammons at having found so infatuated a partisan. But I commiserate with those poets (not excluding him at his best) and readers who seek something else in poetry—something closer to what Williams had in mind, no doubt, when he said, "No ideas but in things"—and for whom the ideas (and the music) are not to be found in equations or in the hermaneutics of reviewers.

Peter Kane Dufault
Hillsdale, New York

All broadcasts considered

To the editors:

Fortunately Mavis Schindler is in error in believing that if she could no longer listen to "All Things Considered" on NPR, she would be restricted to the limited fare of her local radio stations (Correspondence, *TNR*, April 18). All she has to do is acquire a shortwave radio and the whole world will be open to her. Today there are well over 100 countries broadcasting on shortwave, roughly two dozen of which have programs in English that can be well received in the USA with quite modest sets. I am amazed at the degree to which even newspapers and publications like *TNR* blithely ignore this resource. Had the author of the editorial on "Bracing the Allies" (*TNR*, April 11), for example, bothered to listen to the news from West Germany directly, he might not so readily have fallen for the statement quoted from the *New York Times* that "Mr. Genscher refrained from pressing [the Russians] to discuss a subject [Poland] which they clearly wished to avoid" that even on its face is dubious. Any shortwave listener could know that Germany from Chancellor Schmidt on down had made clear its standpoint long before Mr. Genscher ever went to Russia and that the Voice of Germany informs its listeners almost nightly about developments, to say nothing about having its broadcasts in Russian jammed, just like the BBC, the Voice of America, and Kol Yisrael.

Ralf F. Munster
Decatur, Georgia

Tax-dodging

To the editors:

While many people were still struggling to meet the April 15 IRS deadline, President Reagan told us we were paying too much in taxes, although "Americans have always been prepared to pay their fair share. . . ." In real terms "fair share," for most of us, means all the taxes we can't legally avoid. In the United States, as in most countries, tax avoidance is an ancient and honorable game. And it is a game Reagan plays with enthusiasm and success.

The Reagans' Rancho del Cielo is a 688-acre spread 30 miles northeast of Santa Barbara in the cool foothills of the Santa Ynez mountains. Reagan had been California's governor for eight years in 1974 when he paid $526,000 for his Shangri-la. In the following five years the property appreciated considerably as California real estate values skyrocketed. Strangely, the assessed value of the property in 1979 was only $20,423—less than three percent of what the Reagans had paid for it. Why was the tax assessor so generous? Because Reagan raises 30 head of cattle on the place, qualifying the property for tax benefits under California's Agriculture Preservation Act. Benefiting from this arrangement, farmer Reagan paid only $862.23 in taxes on an estate that had cost him more than half a million dollars. Not only is Reagan's sizable investment tax-sheltered under California law, it is appreciating yearly as property values rise.

It should be noted that Reagan did not choose to invest in industry where his money might have contributed to increased production in aid of supply-side economics. Instead he invested in a real estate tax shelter which, however profitable to him, only inflated land values. Reagan is entitled to his tax shelter. But one must question whether he is paying his fair share at Rancho del Cielo or if his fancy farm only adds to the tax burden of California's less affluent property owners.

James Grambart
Linwood, New Jersey

Voices in fiction

To the editors:

When, oh when, will a reviewer be able to praise a novel by a woman without feeling compelled to assure the reader that it isn't just another "woman's novel"? Is there no way to honor one woman except by denigrating the rest? I'm glad Anne Tyler liked *Dale Loves Sophie to Death* by Robb Forman Dew (*TNR*, April 4). So did I. But who is this "we" she believes would be "tempted to declare it a 'woman's novel' (delicate, vibrating with hidden meanings, . . . personal . . .)" were it not that the chapters on the heroine's husband "set us straight. They're solid, dense, painted with a wider brush"? Certainly no one aware of the wide range of subjects and voices in fiction by women today will feel tempted to declare anything of the sort.

That Anne Tyler, a brilliant novelist and a sensitive critic, should think that fiction by women is a limited genre, serious to the extent that it's about men, is depressing enough. Even more so is the thought that in 1981 women writers are still being reviewed on the basis of their sex. No wonder George Eliot used a pseudonym.

Katha Pollitt
New York, New York

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present danger, you either thought correctly or you were a dupe, a pinko, or a Commie. The FBI was wonderful, cops of all kinds were terrific, and there was not a committee or subcommittee of Congress that any true American should fear. People could be punks or bums or fools, but the one phrase you would never see in a Reuben Maury editorial was "on the other hand."

On the other hand, Maury worked for *Collier's* and wrote liberal editorials for that publication, although there's little doubt that in his later years especially his heart belonged to the *News*. Nevertheless, he sometimes endorsed an issue in Colliers and ripped it apart in the *News* and for that he had all the qualms of a hooker: "My job is to do the best work I can for anyone who is so kind as to want me to write for him or her, regardless of what my personal opinion on any assigned subject might be." How refreshing. A man of few convictions. This may be why he lived to be 81.

Richard Cohen

Richard Cohen is a columnist for the *Washington Post*.

Roger Fisher's how-to guide to diplomacy.

Conflict? What Conflict?

If we want to stop kidnappers we should pass a law making payment of ransom illegal. This facile solution has been proposed by Harvard law professor and "conflict resolution" meddler Roger Fisher. Fisher's field is diplomacy, but the argument about kidnapping is typical of the Fisher method as set forth in his book *International Conflict for Beginners* ("a how-to-do-it guide for statesmen") and in countless op-ed articles on foreign affairs for the *New York Times*. The Fisher method can be described in three simple steps: 1) Dismiss parochial concepts like "right" and "wrong"; 2) Devise a "yesable proposition," in this case a law forbidding payment of ransom, which will both solve the problem and appear fair to all sides; 3) Move on to another issue before the chalk dust clears. As outlined in an article Fisher wrote for the *Times* op-ed page in 1974, the law forbidding payment of ransom would say:

> 1. It shall be unlawful for any person to pay ransom of any kind in order to obtain the release of anyone who has been kidnapped, except to the extent that such payment has been lawfully authorized by the state's attorney general.
> 2. The attorney general may in his discretion in order to obtain the release of any kidnapped person or persons authorize concessions that may include but shall not exceed:
>
> a. up to one-half hour free television or radio time on which to make a political appeal;
>
> b. safe conduct out of the state or out of the country, provided the seized person or persons have been released unharmed;
>
> c. cash payments of up to $_____ ($5,000?).
>
> 3. The attorney general may not authorize or give any additional ransom of any kind nor may he or any other official grant amnesty for violation of this statute or of the laws against kidnapping.

Any bank teller or government softie who broke down and gave ransom unauthorized by the attorney general would be guilty of conspiring in extortion, and any private citizen would have the right to sue anybody who encouraged the practice of kidnapping through payment of illegal ransom. What could be more rational?

Those of us who do not define rationality as abandonment of moral principle might raise several objections to this scheme. Among them: Why treat victims —the family of a hostage—like potential criminals? If the attorney general is to decide which kidnappers may or may not be granted free TV and radio time, doesn't that increase the likelihood that a criminal act will become politicized? Why grant safe conduct to a kidnapper if "the seized person or persons have been released unharmed"? If, as this guarantee of safe conduct implies, some kidnappings are justifiable, why assume that our courts will not be lenient?

There is also a strong practical argument against Fisher's proposal: kidnappers aren't likely to be rational, and therefore aren't likely to respond to rational constraints. Suppose a kidnapper tells the family of his hostage that the illegality of giving ransom is their problem, and that unless they pay an unlawfully high ransom he will kill his hostage. Fisher's proposed law might be preferable to the routine use of force—Fisher's ideas usually are—but it wouldn't help to free any particular hostage or to discourage kidnapping in general. The only substantial result of Fisher's proposal would be to finish off once and for all the old-fashioned idea that the law ought to punish kidnappers for kidnapping.

Five years after Fisher's kidnapping article appeared, 52 Americans were taken hostage in the US embassy in Tehran. In this case of international kidnapping, Roger Fisher again urged that the crisis not be perceived as a conflict of principle between two parties. A few months earlier Fisher had complained to the *Christian Science Monitor* that a May 17 Senate resolution which condemned the revolutionary government's mass executions wasn't "constructive." Similarly, when Jimmy Carter sought economic sanctions against Iran, Fisher argued in a *Newsweek* column that the sanctions were not in our national interest because they wouldn't persuade the Iranians to release the hostages. He emphasized that sanctions against post-revolutionary regimes in the Soviet Union, China, and Cuba hadn't worked. League of Nations sanctions against

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Mussolini's Italy and United Nations sanctions against Rhodesia had in fact "led to greater unity, harder work and years of *increased* production." So why bother? Expressions of national disapproval, however mild, have no place in the diplomacy of Roger Fisher.

From the beginning of the embassy occupation, Fisher insisted that Americans think *practically* about the consequences to Iran of their actions and that Iranians do the same with respect to America. A November 1979 *New York Times* op-ed story titled "Helping the Iranians Change Their Minds" found fault neither with the Iranians for taking over the embassy nor with the Americans for supporting the shah. The fearless first sentence of the article read, "However outrageous the seizure of American hostages by Iranian students, we should act analytically and purposively." The conclusion: "We are learning that true power comes not from B-52's but from understanding the legitimate interests of others and then insisting upon adherence to principles that serve their interests as well as ours." In the story Fisher urged that Americans work to shift Iranian attitudes about releasing the hostages from "We look incompetent," "We back down to United States imperialism," and "We get nothing" to "We look responsible," "We accept the judgment of the international community," "We act consistently with Iran's traditions and Islamic beliefs," and so forth. The problem was a difficult one, requiring the passage of time and the airing of grievances. But Fisher's advice on how to make friends and influence governments dodged issues of responsibility and failed on its own terms to propose a workable solution.

This is a common problem with Fisher's work. Being a "process technician" rather than a partisan, Fisher is often reduced to spouting fair-minded but inane generalities. "In essence, foreign affairs are affairs which take place outside the United States," Fisher writes in *International Conflict for Beginners*. "International conflicts," reads another passage, "exist because one government is unhappy with what another government is doing or is planning to do." The only truly distinctive—and objectionable—idea Fisher sets forth is his denial that a dispute can be legitimately intractable. "To arouse maximum support at home we usually insist that a dispute is a conflict of principle," Fisher writes.

> But if we want success we should look for a solution consistent with the principles of our adversary as well as our own. By so arranging matters that an adversary government can go along without abandoning their principles, we make it easier for them to do so. My premise is that most international objectives can be achieved only by something more than our own actions: by having other governments make decisions.

In brief, it's okay to let bad guys claim they're good guys. This approach can be useful in certain cases. If the only way to keep the Soviets out of Poland and allow the trade union movement to progress is to have the Poles say that Soviet hegemony is good, by all means let the Poles say so. An invasion of Poland, after all, would serve neither Polish interests nor our own. (Though with characteristic simplemindedness, Fisher explains that the Polish rebellion is not "anti-Soviet" but "pro-people.") But if the only way to establish diplomatic relations with South Africa is to let that government maintain a nominally reformed policy of apartheid, are diplomatic relations worthwhile? Fisher says equivocally of American opposition to apartheid, "Those are our values," but we should be "open to

INTERNS FOR PEACE IS AN INNOVATIVE, NON-POLITICAL, IN-SERVICE TRAINING PROGRAM WHICH BRINGS THE ARAB and Jewish citizens of Israel together in joint cooperative efforts. It places teams of community workers in villages and towns in the Northern District of Israel where they live and work for two years. Internships begin in Israel every August. Interns are recruited from Israel, America, Canada, France, Great Britain, and elsewhere.

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learning." Isn't our standard of fairness legitimate? "Fairness is what the international community says is fair," Fisher answers. Are there *any* conditions under which we ought to break diplomatic relations with a country? "Never say never," Fisher says. Rather than wrestle with the question of which principles are worth fighting for, Fisher makes easy psychological pronouncements. He says that refusal to compromise principles is a position that "tends to be self-satisfying."

Fisher's judicious even-handedness in conflict resolution is based on little practical experience. His career as an international lawyer includes two years in Paris when he worked on the Marshall Plan after graduating from Harvard Law School, and seven years in which he practiced international law for the prestigious Washington firm Covington and Burling. For most of the last 20 years he has been a consultant to the Defense Department (though he is out of favor in the current, hawkish one). He lectures twice a year at the NATO defense college in Rome and has also lectured at the Air Force War College, the Naval War College, and the Foreign Service Institute. Last fall Fisher participated in war simulations with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. These credentials surpass those of an ordinary academic, but what qualifies Fisher as a man to turn to during an international conflict? Fisher says, "I think it's my disengagement, my theoretical work, my understanding of the importance of the process."

Actually, Fisher's main career outside of academia is as guest expert on TV news shows and in op-ed columns in the *Times*, the *Washington Post*, and the *Boston Globe*. His views on his role as valuable outsider were expressed on the ABC news show, "Nightline," which devoted a half-hour in January to Fisher's field of crisis intervention as applied to the negotiations leading up to release of the hostages. "Fisher helped invent what our government eventually decided on," ABC reporter Bill Blakemore said. His consultations with Islamic party chief Ayatollah Beheshti "helped show Khomeini an acceptable way out," Blakemore explained. Then Fisher eagerly described having simultaneous phone conversations with Lloyd Cutler on one line and the Central Bank in Tehran on another, "simply clarifying each party to understanding what the situation was," when negotiations broke down January 19 over the annex to the escrow agreement. Cutler later told the *Boston Globe*, "Roger tends to overstate the case." He subsequently softened this uncharacteristically blunt remark, saying, "On the whole, his role was constructive, but because of circumstances, it didn't turn out to be vital."

If the diplomatic big leagues don't take Fisher seriously, no matter. The foundations do. The Exxon Educational Foundation, the Ford Foundation, the Lilly Foundation, and countless others have contributed to Fisher's seminars, "brainstorming" sessions, and television projects (including "The Advocates," the prestigious public TV show Fisher created). This month the Reynolds Foundation will sponsor an unofficial meeting between members of Fisher's Harvard Negotiation Project and representatives of the Vietnamese government. Insofar as Fisher's techniques for conflict resolution promote brotherhood and good table manners they are worth praising. But they fail to define what issues are worth arguing over, let alone fighting for. We need to encourage conciliation but also to address the tangled political and moral implications of international disputes. Roger Fisher can't help us there.

Timothy Noah

Northern Ireland needs a bold stroke.

Out of the Maze

Bobby Sands is a 27-year-old Provisional IRA terrorist, an inmate of the Maze prison outside of Belfast, and a recently elected member of the British Parliament. By the time you read this he may also be a martyr, dead after a two-month hunger strike. Through his own fanaticism Bobby Sands may be beyond saving. But the British government could save the lives of many of his countrymen who are not terrorists by giving in to his demands that the nearly 400 IRA prisoners at Maze again be granted "special category" status—that is, be treated as political prisoners. If the British don't do this before Sands dies, they should do so after. These young IRA gunmen at Maze and their estimated 200 to 300 fellow terrorists outside the prison have grown up in the midst of a guerrilla war—Sands, for example, was 14 when the troubles began—and they have a taste for martyrdom. It is the only weapon they have left. After Sands, there will be another martyr and another until every Northern Catholic family will send a son into the IRA from fury at the tattoo of suicide upon well-publicized suicide. Swelling the ranks of the IRA is in no one's else's interest.

This time the British should give way. But this is not a general rule for dealing with terrorists. It applies to Northern Ireland and to Northern Ireland alone. Anyone who thinks that Northern Ireland offers a model for other countries faced with a terrorist problem is a fool with a flair for logic. The Irish problem is tangled beyond the reach of wisdom and certainly beyond that of generalization. It is historically unique and it demands unique measures.

The British claim that to give way on the H-Block issue, which would mean returning to its pre-1976 policies, when it granted the IRA special category status, would be to legitimize crimes. "Crime is crime is crime," says Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Indeed it is, and terrorism is the most grievous crime of all since it strikes at the basis of civil society. And under most circumstances a hard-line policy against terror-

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ism makes sense. But not now, with the BBC radio broadcasts warning us that Northern Ireland will lurch toward the precipice of civil war if nothing is done. It is up to the British: nothing can be expected of the IRA, for Sands is more use to them dead than alive.

The post-1976 hard-line policy on H Block was a means to an end. That end was the defeat of the terrorists. Many observers now think that the means has become inimical to that end. They point to the hold that blood sacrifice has on the Irish imagination. "Life springs from death," Patrick Pearse proclaimed in a panegyric at the graveside of a 19th-century Irish patriot, "and from the graves of patriot men and women spring living nations." In the days just before his execution by a British firing squad, Pearse wrote a poem called "Mother," in which his mother accepts his death and that of his brother:

> I do not grudge them; Lord, I do not grudge
> My two strong sons that I have seen go out
> To break themselves and die, they and a few,
> In bloody protest for a glorious thing.

Blood sacrifice for a "glorious thing" was the strategy pursued by the Irish revolutionaries of 1916. It worked. The sight of British soldiers executing wounded men gave a boost to the armed-struggle wing of the republican movement, which had been dormant, and doomed the moderate Parliamentary party to irrelevancy.

The same thing may now happen in the North, with the moderate Catholic politicians of the Social Democratic and Labour party taking the place of the Home Rule party in history's dust bin. History may not repeat itself but national myth does, and the Northern Irish Catholics are far gone on the myth of sacrifice for the glorious thing—a united Ireland free of British rule. To these people symbols are a potent motivating force. The British, so different in national temperament and memory, have never understood this, but they must now try, before it is too late.

THE DEVELOPING crisis offers Prime Minister Thatcher an opportunity for leadership. She could appear on television and make a bold speech. To the Provisional IRA she could say something like: We want to make it clear that you are our enemy. Yes, we are allowing "special category" status for IRA prisoners—and for the Protestant terrorist prisoners too—but only as a tactic to defeat you. You may count on it: we will not make the mistake we made before 1976, when you turned our prisons into training camps for guerrillas. You will not have to wear uniforms but there will be no TV, no furloughs, and no parole. Some press reports have claimed that Bobby Sands's election was a victory for you, that it meant there was more Catholic support for your terror campaign than many had supposed. This is a false impression. The election in Fermanagh was fought on the single issue of the H-Block prisoners. To quote from an Irish journalist on the scene: "It was emphasized again and again that a vote for Mr. Sands was not a vote for the IRA and should not be taken to imply support for the Provisionals' campaign. . . . Voters were told that Mr. Sands, in the sixth week of his hunger strike, wanted to 'borrow' the seat for a short time to draw attention to the situation of his fellow prisoners in the H Blocks of the Maze."

The majority of the Catholic people in Northern Ireland do not support you, Thatcher could continue. However, they have been outraged by what you have done to yourselves on the H Blocks—by the deliberately hideous state in which your prisoners have chosen to live. We think the outrage of the Northern Catholics is wrongly directed on this point. Nevertheless we are prepared to take the Fermanagh election as a kind of referendum on special status which tells us that the Catholic people of the North want a change in our policy. We have now made that change. We did it out of respect for the wishes of this sizable minority of our citizens and in the certainty that it will defuse this tense situation and thus deprive you terrorists of your chief propaganda weapon. Try rallying the Catholic population, whom you bully and extort, without an issue like H Block and see how many elections you win!

To the Catholics of Northern Ireland the prime minister could say: You have long felt alienated from Her Majesty's government. You have felt that you were not listened to in London and that you were second-class citizens in Northern Ireland because of your religion. I deeply regret this misperception. For the truth is that we value you as British citizens with much to contribute to your country. We respect your religion and honor your customs. And, as I hope this gesture has shown, Her Majesty's government does listen to you. For your part, too, you must listen. Citizenship is reciprocal in its obligations. You must not shelter or support the terrorists. You must keep your demonstrations peaceful. And above all you must obey the law that protects you.

To the majority Protestant population she could say: I am acutely aware of how painful this moment is for you. I share your detestation of the Provisional IRA. I also share your indignation at the world press for canting about the human rights of these terrorists while quite forgetting their abominations against the people of Ulster and our own soldiers. But I am convinced that this gesture is in your long-term interest. I am convinced that the already growing gap between the Catholic population and the terrorists will widen once the issue of H Block has been eliminated.

For our part, we recognize the justice of your long-standing complaints about security. To further reassure you in this difficult hour we are dispatching more troops to police the border. For too long we have tried to maintain an air of normality by not interfering with transborder trade and traffic. Hereafter it will take more time to cross from the Republic of Ireland into the North. Security will be tighter. Back roads will be plugged, and our patrols of remote areas will be

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stepped up. In short, we will take seriously your complaints that we have been putting livelihood before lives along the border.

Finally, to Ian Paisley and the extreme Protestants, she could say: Any military demonstration on your part against the resumption of "special status" will be taken as an act of treason against the British Crown. Be advised of that. Order your vigilantes into the streets and you and they will face the full penalty of English law. Obey that law and you will have nothing to fear from us. In pledging to make the border, particularly the Fermanagh border, safer, I am of course meeting one of Mr. Paisley's chief demands upon this government. To you, his followers, I say that he can better represent your interests as a leading politician in a devolved Ulster government than he can as a leader of a band of outlaw paramilitaries. Consult your interests, not your emotions. And act like British citizens.

We can't know what effects a speech like this would have, but Ireland needs such a gesture. For if the social dynamics at work there are allowed to play themselves out without intervention, the future will only repeat the terrible past. To believe in the possibility of changing those dynamics through a bold political act is not to subscribe to some "great leader" theory of history. It is to believe in the possibility of freedom.

It is not likely that Mrs. Thatcher will make such a speech. What is likely is that the Northern Irish people, who have suffered so much since this madness began 12 years ago, are in for a very bad time, whatever happens to Bobby Sands. "O when may it suffice!" Yeats wailed about the troubles of his own day. All who love the Irish people are asking that despairing question again today.

Jack Beatty

Eyes in the sky for pie in the sky.

Selling the Store to the Saudis

by Charles Krauthammer

The Reagan administration wants to sell Saudi Arabia AWACS and long-range fuel tanks and missiles for its F-15s. In return for this equipment, the United States will get more than two billion dollars. It had also expected to receive some Saudi thanks. But, according to a report in the *Wall Street Journal*, "US indecision may have robbed it of any goodwill from the sale." It quotes one angry Saudi official as saying, "How can we work with a country that has no consensus?" In fact, this proposed sale, like almost no other foreign policy decision in the last decade, has created a remarkable consensus. When the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Post*, Jack Kemp, Barney Frank, and Stansfield Turner join in opposing anything, we are dealing with a mighty consensus indeed.

Some people have difficulty understanding the basis for this consensus. Saudi oil minister Sheik Yamani is one. He sees here the ubiquitous hand of Zionism and the power of the Jewish lobby. Others, like columnists Evans and Novak and former ambassador to Saudi Arabia John West, are more subtle. They intimate that some Americans are simply confusing Israeli with American interests. Neither of these theories accounts very well for, say, the *Wall Street Journal*'s opposition. A better explanation is that, given the fate of an almost identical policy in Iran, no one can quite see how the indiscriminate transfer of the most sophisticated American weapons to the Persian Gulf does anything to further American strategic interests. In fact, it does much to endanger them.

The United States has two overriding strategic interests in the Persian Gulf: keeping the Soviets out and securing a stable supply of oil at reasonable cost. Long before the existence either of Israel or of Arab oil, Britain spent the better part of a century trying to thwart Russia's southward ambitions. Britain needed Arabia and the Gulf to secure its lines of communications to the East and to deny Russia a warm-water port, which would have vastly increased its reach and power. An uneasy line of buffer states was established stretching from Afghanistan to Iran to Turkey. They mark the southern limit of Soviet influence. After World War II, as Britain gradually withdrew from the area, the United States assumed most of Britain's responsibilities. In 1980, after the collapse of the shah's regime in Iran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, President Carter declared that any Soviet move on the Persian Gulf would be considered a threat to the interests of the United States. He was simply making explicit what had become increasingly clear for a generation.

The only credible deterrent to a Soviet move on the

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THREE SURVEYS REVEAL AN EMERGING CONSENSUS ON THE NEED FOR AMERICA TO BE MORE COMPETITIVE IN THE WORLD.

For the past year and a half, Union Carbide has been monitoring American opinion on a wide array of economic issues. In three separate surveys conducted between September 1979 and January 1981, Americans expressed strong concern about the American economy and an awareness that America has to do a better job of competing in the world.

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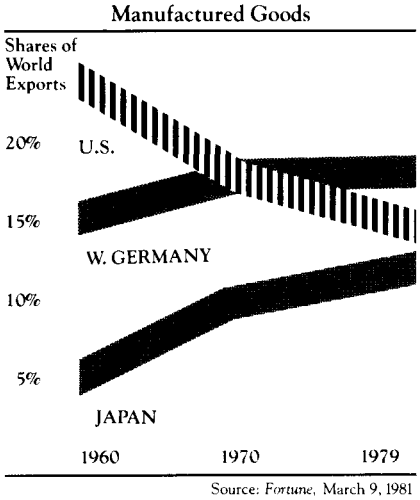
While America's share of world export markets has declined, West Germany has become the world's leading exporter of manufactured goods, and Japan has passed the U.S. in the amount of such goods that are exported to less developed countries.

1979: ECONOMIC GROWTH IS NECESSARY.

The first indication of a new consensus emerged from our September 1979 survey *(The Vital Consensus)*. In that survey we explored the "growth vs. no-growth" issue and found over 80% said that it would be best for the country if the economy grew significantly in the next five years. Almost two-thirds said that the federal government should do more than it is doing to help business grow and create new jobs.



Source: *Fortune*, March 9, 1981

1980: BUSINESS AND GOVERNMENT MUST COOPERATE AS ALLIES...

In a June 1980 survey *(Adversaries or Allies)*, we found that Americans wanted economic growth and also wanted government and business to work more closely together to shape economic policies—as allies instead of adversaries.

Americans, by a margin of 8 to 1, also said that making American business and industry more competitive with foreign business was either important or very important.

1981: ...TO MAKE AMERICA MORE COMPETITIVE IN THE WORLD.

In the third poll *(The Emerging Consensus)*, conducted in January 1981, we found that over 80% think that trade is a two-way street and that 73% favor new U.S. government programs that would encourage American business to export more products. This survey also found that strong majorities want American businesses treated fairly in international trade and believe that the U.S. should shape its economic policies so that our problems at home and abroad are both taken into account.

America can no longer afford to be the only major industrial country without an integrated economic strategy that takes into account both foreign and domestic realities. The American people understand and endorse the need for such an integrated strategy, as do many of our nation's leaders.

In his economic address before Congress on February 18, President Reagan said, "It is time to create new jobs, to build and rebuild industry, and give the American people room to do what they do best"—in order, as the President later put it, "... to make America competitive once again in world markets."

Union Carbide supports the Administration's new economic program as the essential first step in making America more competitive. And our new survey on public attitudes toward international trade shows that by a strong majority Americans agree that the time has come for the U.S. to shape its economic policies so that they take our problems both at home and abroad into account.

For a free copy of the latest survey report—*The Emerging Consensus: Public Attitudes on America's Ability to Compete in the World*—or the two previous surveys, please return the coupon.

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Persian Gulf is American military force. That is why the US is creating a rapid deployment force and seeking military bases in the area. Saudi Arabia actively opposes stationing American troops in the Persian Gulf. It has denied US requests for bases in Saudi Arabia. Oman, the country that controls the most strategic location in the Persian Gulf—the Straits of Hormuz—is also the most favorably disposed to the United States. Unfortunately it is also a weak neighbor of Saudi Arabia. Although the sultan of Oman would welcome American bases in his country, the Saudis have applied pressure to persuade him not to do so. Instead the US has been offered "facilities" in case of emergency. Like other foreigners on the Arabian peninsula, we are to come as "guest workers"; our specialty is the defense of our hosts.

HAVING WORKED to deny us our most effective defense against possible Soviet encroachment on the Gulf, Saudi Arabia now demands enhanced F-15s and AWACS in addition to the mountains of weapons which it already possesses. The Reagan administration wants to meet that demand. Why? To deter a Soviet attack? With or without AWACS the Saudi army, which is about twice the size of the New York City police force, would not do well against the Soviet Union. Secretary of State Alexander Haig makes a more sophisticated argument. He says that with these weapons we will buy Saudi entry into a "strategic consensus" of states (Israel, Egypt, Jordan, Saudi Arabia) opposed to the Soviet Union. Israel has pointed out that the Saudis don't believe in this strategic consensus but do believe in another, the rejectionist front against Israel; therefore the most likely use of these weapons is against Israel. Sheik Yamani agrees. Less than 24 hours after President Reagan announced the arms sales, Yamani said, "To the Saudis there are only two threats in this world: international communism and Israel." Since "the second is far more tangible and more in evidence than the first one," it is "obviously worse." The only truly remarkable thing about this statement is that it was made in English. Saudi Arabian calls for a holy war against Israel to reclaim all of Palestine and for "cleansing Jerusalem of the Jews" are made almost daily, but usually in Arabic. They are then explained to the West as merely the rhetorical homage that "moderates" pay to "radicals." Yamani's declaration (in New York, no less) that Israel, not the Soviet Union, is the real threat undermined Haig's major justification for the arms sale. It came as a shock to the administration. Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, the administration's "point man" for the arms deal in Congress, could not conceal his embarrassment. He declared the sheik's remarks "unfortunate." He had nothing to say about their veracity.

The administration occasionally takes a final fallback position to explain how giving AWACS and F-15s would thwart the Russians in the Persian Gulf. It is a kind of Trojan horse argument. Because of the complexity of the AWACS, American technicians will be needed to run them for years to come. Thus, under the very noses of the Saudis, we will have infiltrated an American military presence, something the Saudis have declared time and again they would not tolerate. This analysis presumes an alarming naiveté on the part of the Saudis. It also overlooks the fact that the Americans in the AWACS will be under Saudi command. The Saudis will not only control the information derived from the AWACS, they will decide where they will go and what their missions will be. That is the whole point of the sale. The Saudis already have a defense umbrella. There are now four AWACS in Saudi Arabia under American control. What the Saudis are buying is that control. The American soldiers manning these planes would not be Trojan horses, they'd be sitting ducks. And the United States would become hostage to Saudi politics. If, for example, they used their AWACS in a regional conflict, that would necessarily involve American servicemen and draw in the United States against its will and against its interests.

THE SECOND overriding strategic interest of the United States in the Gulf is to maintain a secure supply of oil at a reasonable cost. It is hard to see what this has to do with transferring AWACS and other weapons. For more than a decade we have been selling the Saudis sophisticated weapons. That did not prevent them from cutting our supplies in 1973 and exploiting the subsequent panic on the oil markets to quadruple prices. In 1978 the Carter administration prevailed upon Congress to sell 60 F-15s to the Saudis. At that time the price of oil was $12.70 a barrel. The plane sale was approved. Today the price is $32 a barrel. And the Saudis, for all their protestations of moderation, were instrumental in raising the price.

In late 1978 the shah's regime was crumbling, Iranian production declining, and the price of oil rising. On January 20, 1979, Saudi Arabia cut output by two and a half million barrels a day, causing an immediate and spectacular jump in prices. In February it partially restored production to 9.5 million barrels a day and then in March cut output again to 8.5 million. It was not until July, when prices had stabilized at record high levels, that the Saudis restored output to 9.5 million barrels, but still not to capacity. MIT energy economist Morris Adelman concludes: "The net result of Saudi maneuvers, concerted with their neighbors between October 1978 and mid-1980, has been to increase the price of oil from $12 to $30. At any moment they could have put the price down to any desired level by raising output to capacity, announcing they would maintain that output and even increase it by gradually investing to raise capacity." They never did.

When the Saudis speak of price moderation they mean that although they work to triple prices, they try

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to prevent them from quadrupling. True enough. But they do so in their own economic interest, not as a favor to the West, and certainly not as a reward for our obeisance or our weapons. Sheik Yamani is absolutely clear on this point. When speaking not to a Western audience, mind you, but to the University of Petroleum and Minerals at Dhahran in February 1981, he carefully described how the Saudis price their oil to maximize their long-range economic gain. He said that countries with limited reserves, like Algeria, "have a clear interest in obtaining the largest possible income in dollars for each barrel for the shortest period." But Saudi Arabia has by far the largest reserves in the world. "The interest of the kingdom of Saudi Arabia is that we extend the life of oil to the largest extent possible." If too rapidly increasing prices "were to force the Western countries to invest large sums of money in alternate energy sources, it would take seven to 10 years . . . to reduce oil demand to a level that would affect Saudi Arabia which, at that time, would not find enough markets to sell its oil to meet its economic demands." In other words, it is economic folly for Saudi Arabia to allow the price of oil to rise too quickly. Unlike almost all other OPEC countries, it must worry about protecting the value of its immense reserves against the threat of substitution. Saudi Arabia's optimal price for oil is different from Algeria's because of economic necessity. So says Yamani in Saudi Arabia. In the West, however, he rarely fails to ascribe the price discrepancy to his feelings for America. And for that he would like something in return.

MASSIVE weapons transfers to Saudi Arabia are worse than useless. They are an active threat to US strategic interests in the Gulf. Our economic and geopolitical interests in the area require stability. The fall of the shah and the Iran-Iraq war made clear that the megalomanic acquisition of advanced weapons threatens both internal and external stability in the region. In the Saudi case, the principal threat to their stability is internal, as evidenced recently by the seizure of the mosque at Mecca and the Shiite riots in the oil-rich eastern province. Saudi Arabia is a country already torn between a pampered native minority and a disenfranchised alien majority and between its traditional Wahabi fundamentalism and rapid modernization. In its military establishment it is creating an independent, technically sophisticated, and often ideologically contaminated elite. Many in this elite have trained abroad and return with ideas about their own fitness to rule. Our weapons can only add to their power and ambitions. Army coups are certainly nothing new in the Middle East. The Saudi royal family appears keenly aware of the problem. It entrusts its own immediate security not to the army but to a tribal National Guard.

The rapid increase in Saudi power also destabilizes the Persian Gulf region as a whole. Against whom, after all, are these weapons to be used? Saudi Arabia is already well enough equipped to defend against the remote possibility of a South Yemeni attack. Since its war with Iran, Iraq has been in a quasi-alliance with Saudi Arabia. Saudi Arabia has even been the conduit for some of Iraq's Soviet arms. Iran is not only distracted by revolution and war, it is dramatically weakened since the days of the shah. To the Saudis, Iran represents an ideological rather than a military threat because of its Islamic fundamentalism and its appeal to Saudi Arabia's Shiites. AWACS will be of little use to the Saudis if the Shiites rise again.

Undoubtedly, Saudi Arabia's power gives it dominance over its puniest neighbors, the tiny Gulf states stretching from Bahrain to Oman along the western shore of the Gulf. This power over its smaller neighbors is not altogether benign. Saudi Arabia historically has harbored territorial ambitions toward them. It has already acquired oil-rich slices of Abu Dhabi and made territorial claims on Oman. Bristling with new weapons, it may be tempted to press its claims again. Saudi Arabia also has some territorial claims on Israel. And these are not just rhetorical. In three previous wars, it has sent men and materiel to Jordan and Syria to fight Israel. The F-15s and AWACS represent a qualitatively greater danger to Israel. They have turned Saudi Arabia into a confrontation state. In past wars Israel had no need to attack Saudi Arabia directly. In any future war, it would be forced to. By selling them targets we have made the Saudis less secure.

There is also the danger of making ourselves less secure. Loss of these weapons would allow our adversaries to duplicate and neutralize them. According to the CIA, if the Soviets should gain access to the AWACS, they'd advance five to seven years technologically. More immediately, they could learn how to jam any now-contemplated AWACS version. Four years ago the Carter administration prevailed upon Congress to allow sale of AWACS to the shah. Skeptical members of Congress were reassured by administration witnesses of the stability of the shah's regime and the unlikelihood of compromise of US technological secrets. Congress went along. If Khomeini's revolution had occurred a little later, he would be the proud owner of seven AWACS. We were not so lucky with our F-14s and Phoenix missiles. They had already been delivered, and their secrets were compromised.

IF THE strategic arguments are so weak, why is the Reagan administration so intent on pushing these sales? No doubt there is a streak of fanatical anti-Sovietism in this administration which relentlessly drives a policy even in the face of overwhelming evidence that it will fail. It is also possible that the administration found itself understaffed at key appointive positions, particularly in the State Department, and that overeager military negotiators in the Pentagon brought things too far and conceded too much before the new administration took charge.

But there is a more parsimonious explanation. It

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explains not only the Saudi deal but another foreign policy decision made in the same week and equally devoid of strategic sense—the lifting of the Soviet grain embargo. Here administration officials hardly pretended that they had a foreign policy motive. "You don't think this was done by anyone who knows anything about foreign policy, do you?" said one administration official. President Reagan is consolidating his political base and has quite openly decided to subordinate foreign to domestic concerns. The Saudi deal will bring more than two billion dollars into the US treasury. It is a bonanza to the Air Force since it keeps AWACS assembly lines running and dramatically lowers the cost per plane. Moreover, the sales have a powerful domestic constituency that, not coincidentally, is Republican. For all its populist new righters like Kemp and Stockman, the Republican party is heavily dependent on business interests that carry on our multibillion-dollar trade with the oil states. Although their candidate, John Connally, was defeated in the primaries, they contributed greatly to Reagan's November victory. Their most visible representative in this administration is Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, who toiled for many years as general counsel and vice president of Bechtel Corporation. (Bechtel is building the Saudis a new city called Jubail at a cost of $45 billion.) And it was Defense, over some protest from State, that prevailed upon Reagan to approve the Saudi weapons sale.

Some critics of Reagan's increases in defense spending charge that this administration thinks it can buy American security. By the looks of this weapons deal, it seems that this administration thinks it can sell it too. In the face of vociferous opposition, Reagan has decided to postpone congressional consideration of the sales for several months. He now has the time to reconsider. Whether he has the wisdom or political courage to do so is another matter.

European pacifism meets American isolationism.

Nuclear Innocents Abroad

by Morton Kondracke

Groningen, Holland

Three huge posters dominated the main academic hall at ancient Groningen University two weeks ago. They contained numbers whose meaning no enlightened citizen, and especially no political leader, should ever forget: Nearly 1.2 million Americans died in all of our past wars, but an all-out nuclear war could kill 140 million. More than 31.7 million people were killed in the Soviet Union during World War I, the Bolshevik Revolution, and World War II, but 113 million would die in a nuclear war. And in Europe, where 12 million perished in the past two wars (the figure should have been 18 million; the charts apparently omitted six million Jews), 100 million would be killed in a nuclear World War III.

Citizens and leaders should always remember that nuclear war would very likely mean the death of civilization as we know it. But the vital question that follows is how to prevent it. For 35 years the answer of US leaders and the NATO allies has been nuclear deterrence, sometimes called the balance of terror—the maintenance of sufficient military power to convince Soviet leaders that it would be suicidal for them to attack the West. For 35 years, in fact, there has been no war in Europe, even though conflicts elsewhere during those years have killed several million people.

The charts were installed in Groningen as part of a campaign to feed rising doubts in Europe about whether deterrence can continue to keep the peace. They were props for a Conference on Nuclear War in Europe sponsored by the Groningen University Polemological Institute, which specializes in war-peace studies, and by the Washington-based Center for Defense Information, a research and propaganda group that usually opposes new military spending proposals.

A special target of the conference was the December 1979 NATO decision to add 464 ground-launched cruise missiles and 108 Pershing II rockets to its theater nuclear forces. The 1979 TNF decision, which won't actually be implemented until 1983 at the earliest, has become the focus of intense new antiwar organizing by European arms controllers, religious pacifists, unilateral and multilateral disarmers, left-wing socialists, and Communists. The movement is particularly strong in Holland, where polls show 60 percent of the population opposing deployment of TNF, and it is growing in England, Belgium, and West Germany. Presumably President Reagan's national

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security adviser, Richard Allen, had this movement in mind on March 21 when he denounced "pacifist tendencies" in Europe and repetition of the "contemptible better-red-than-dead slogans of a generation ago."

As a matter of fact, there were about 200 participants at the Groningen Conference—ranging from organizer-activists to scholars to retired military officers—and not a soul uttered the contemptible old slogan. But the prevailing attitude of the conferees still was that the gravest danger to peace in Europe is not the Soviet Union and its 5,364 long- and medium-range nuclear weapons (including 120 modern, in-place, three-warheaded SS20 rockets) but NATO's 2,045 nuclear systems and the proposed addition of 572 new missiles.

RETIRED rear admiral Gene R. La Rocque, director of the CDI and American co-sponsor of the conference, made an especially mischievous contribution. He claimed in his main speech that the United States has stopped trying to deter nuclear wars and has dedicated itself to planning how to fight and win them; that the US wants World War III to be fought in Europe, not in the US, and wants Europeans, not Americans, to do all the dying. He said: "Earlier this year, the US secretary of defense [Harold Brown] . . . told Congress that 'The battleground for the next conventional war will be Europe, not the United States.' Americans assume that World War III will be fought in Europe, just as World War I and World War II were. It is also assumed by American military planners that sooner or later war will be fought between the US and the USSR, and that the war is almost certain to be a nuclear war." He claimed that "there is a growing feeling in the US that a nuclear war could be limited to Europe. Some in the US believe that even after a nuclear war starts in Europe, the US and Soviet presidents could agree by hot line not to attack each other's homeland. . . . It seems unfair that nuclear war will be fought over and in the nations which have nothing to say about whether nuclear weapons are to be used."

La Rocque's statements could only have been designed to stimulate traditional European suspicion about American reliability. In 1963 Charles de Gaulle concluded that the US would never risk New York to save Paris and established France's independent deterrent, designed more than anything to pull the US into a European war even if Washington wanted to stay out. In spite of the presence of 300,000 US soldiers in Europe and in spite of incessant US reassurance, European doubts have persisted, especially since the Soviet Union gained parity with the US at the strategic nuclear level. It was precisely these continuing doubts, expressed most strongly by German chancellor Helmut Schmidt, that led to the 1979 TNF decision—on the logic that if US nuclear weapons in Europe could hit the Soviet Union, the Soviets would not spare the US homeland in the event of war.

La Rocque's remarks were as misleading as they were mischievous. Former defense secretary Brown may have argued that conventional wars could be limited, but he contended again and again during his four years in office that nuclear wars almost certainly could not be—either geographically or in the extent of their destructiveness. Contrary to what La Rocque told the Europeans, most Americans surely assume (they have been told often enough) that if the Soviets start a war in Europe, not only will we remain loyal to our allies, but the Soviets will assume we will remain loyal. And while there may be some kooks in the Pentagon, most US military planners do not assume that nuclear war is inevitable, but rather that deterrence must hold.

In La Rocque's defense, it should be noted that he could have been more irresponsible at the conference than he was. A former CDI employee, Bill Arkin, had prepared a map showing the purported locations of NATO nuclear storage dumps. As the London *Observer* reported, CDI was going to release the map at the Groningen Conference, but instead, La Rocque fired Arkin and refused to publish the map, claiming he doubted its accuracy. La Rocque also did not want to inspire terrorist attacks or, apparently, gain the reputation as a nuclear equivalent of Philip Agee, who is notorious for exposing the names of CIA agents.

But La Rocque was disingenuous. Because of pressure from the left, the NATO governments are deeply committed to combining arms control negotiations with TNF deployment. The December 1979 NATO decision, in fact, calls for both. La Rocque claimed that even if arms talks start, they won't get very far. "The mood in America is very bellicose," he said in a press conference. "Many people are much more concerned about winning a nuclear war than in avoiding one. . . . Our Pentagon is very unenthusiastic about any strategic arms agreement, to put it mildly. I think they'll block any attempt the Reagan administration makes to have a treaty." La Rocque said, "I don't trust the Russians across the street," but added, "I don't think they want a nuclear war any more than . . . many people in the West." But, he said, the US has always led the arms race, while the Soviets have striven to catch up. "The military in the United States are the dominant force in the society. . . . Nobody criticizes the Joints Chiefs of Staff."

All this overlooks the fact that US military budgets fell consistently from the end of the Vietnam War until the year before last, that for the past 15 years the US has spent an average of six percent of GNP on defense while the Soviets have spent between 13 and 15 percent of their GNP and have produced twice as many tanks as NATO has, seven times as many air defense missiles, and 16 times as many artillery pieces. Admiral La Rocque, whose group generally is trusted by liberal members of Congress to produce dependable defense analyses, painted a picture for the Europeans of an America dominated by mad-dog militarists itching for nuclear combat. When asked to cite the names of polit-

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ical leaders who think nuclear wars can be fought and won, he could cite only Vice President George Bush, who made a much-criticized and hastily retracted remark to that effect in an emotional newspaper interview in January 1980; retired Air Force lieutenant general Daniel Graham, a former head of the Defense Intelligence Agency and a Reagan transition adviser; and former defense secretary James Schlesinger, who has been fired now from two administrations. He also cited promulgation of Presidential Directive 59, the Carter administration's recodification of US strategic doctrine, which merely restates what's been policy for years: if war ever comes, the US won't be limited to hitting cities, but could strike at military targets as well. PD59 was designed to enhance deterrence, not undermine it, by telling the Soviets (who apparently do think nuclear wars can be won) that we can play that game too.

What was especially disturbing about La Rocque's performance, though, was that he concealed his own hidden agenda from the Europeans. It is not crazed US military planners who want World War III to be fought in Europe, but Admiral La Rocque himself, who turns out under close questioning to be nothing but an old-fashioned American isolationist. If he had his way, he admitted to me, the US would phase out all its troops from Europe, Japan, and Korea by the year 2000 and take out all its nuclear weapons, too. If the Soviets then attacked, "the United States would decide what was in its best interest to do. Now we are captive allies—we're involved, regardless who starts it. I'd like the option of going to war in Europe or of not going."

In the end, it's not clear what the Groningen Conference accomplished. It got surprisingly little press attention in Holland, despite the Dutch elections this month in which TNF deployment is a major issue. Holland's leading newspaper, *NRC Handelsblad*, actually denounced the gathering as being "unbalanced" because its sponsors invited only pro-TNF figures who were sure not to come—Secretary of State Haig, Secretary of Defense Weinberger, and NATO commander Bernard Rogers—rather than lesser figures who might have. A Dutch colonel and a retired British admiral did make the case for TNF, but the conferees did their best to ignore them. No resolutions were passed. No specific organizational plans were made, and it developed that Admiral La Rocque only included a what-to-do-now session in the program because he was pressured to do so by actor Paul Newman, who helped finance the gathering, and by his Dutch co-host, peace scholar Hylke Tromp.

The international anti-nuclear movement may have received a boost, because some national leaders, such as Britain's E. P. Thompson and Holland's Ben Terveer, were able to meet and think about joint strategies. A meeting of 20 or so US delegates, chaired by leftist liberal Stewart Mott, was held to discuss ways to revive American antiwar efforts. Mott is a major benefactor of CDI.

Even though Groningen produced limited results, the European anti-nuclear movement is potentially important, especially if its influence is combined with US insensitivity to the political predicament of European political leaders. Germany, France, Italy, and England are prepared to go ahead with TNF deployment, but they also want the Reagan administration to fulfill part two of the December 1979 decision and begin arms talks with the Soviets. It would also help keep the West together if President Reagan would demonstrate that he, like past US presidents, understands the horror represented by nuclear war and is determined to dedicate US military policy to preventing such wars, rather than preparing to fight them—in Europe or anywhere else.

We're protecting ourselves right out of the market.

Industries in Distress

by Robert B. Reich

As the Japanese continue to tug on the loosest threads of our industrial fabric, there is increasing danger that the American economy may unravel. The problem is that we have no systematic means of repairing the weave once the threads start to come undone. One after another, the tattered industries have been pulling the sound ones down with them. Now it's autos, and the Reagan administration's current approach to that industry is not going to help.

Bill Brock, the administration's trade negotiator,

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was off to Tokyo two weeks ago. His mission was to pressure his Japanese hosts to put "voluntary" restrictions on their car exports to the US. By the end of last week it appeared that he had succeeded. The plan has obvious political advantages. It will give the industry and the United Auto Workers what they want—a barrier against the Toyotas, Hondas, and Datsuns that are displacing Fords, Chevrolets, and Plymouths. US auto makers like the plan because it will allow them both to raise prices and to reclaim a share of the US market. The hope is that this will give them the capital needed for retooling. At the same time, the plan allows the administration to stick to its free-trade rhetoric. Vice President Bush has noted that the administration has "stopped short of asking the Japanese" to restrict their exports, and that the administration won't "go down the slippery slope of protectionism." Technically, he was telling the truth. It won't be necessary to make a formal, explicit request of the Japanese. They are well aware of pending legislation to limit auto imports. So Japan's "independent" decision to restrict its auto exports will create no damaging precedent for US trade policy. What the Japanese decide to do is their own business.

This hidden trade barrier will be a trifle less visible than the voluntary restrictions and "orderly marketing agreements" that the US has negotiated with increasing frequency over the last 20 years. These agreements in turn have been less visible, and thus more politically expedient, than the tariffs and quotas that shaped our trade policy before them. Hidden agreements of this kind are costly to America, not only because of the higher consumer prices they generate but also because they are relatively immune from public scrutiny. They are perfect devices for a government that wants protection from imports but doesn't want to admit it. Precisely because hidden trade barriers are hard to identify, control, or measure, they ultimately threaten the entire fragile system of international free trade, which is dependent upon informal policing and goodwill.

Like all devices that artificially maintain the price of domestic goods, these voluntary restrictions send costly ripples through the rest of the economy, undermining other domestic industries that depend upon the restricted imported goods. In an economy increasingly subject to foreign trade, any import barrier is apt to jeopardize the competitiveness of related industries. For example, the protection accorded US textile manufacturers, culminating in the Multi-Fiber Agreement of 1973, put American clothing manufacturers at a competitive disadvantage in world trade, since they had to pay higher prices for the textiles they used. To compound the damage, these restraints encouraged foreign textile manufacturers to shift their production to apparel, thereby channeling their cheap textiles into the US market through finished goods. Hong Kong, Korea, and Taiwan soon were flooding the US market with cheap clothes—causing US apparel manufacturers in turn to seek protection. In precisely the same way, restrictions on steel imports have driven up the price of domestic steel—thereby adding to the competitive woes of US automakers, who purchase over 20 percent of domestic steel output.

VOLUNTARY import restrictions also encourage foreign manufacturers to upgrade their products as a way of maintaining their foreign earnings in the face of the limited quantity they can export. Thus the restrictions often push foreign producers into the more expensive or specially tailored end of the US market, where domestic manufacturers otherwise have their best chance of maintaining competitiveness. In steel, restrictions on imports have encouraged foreign manufacturers to shift their production to specialty steel products, such as stainless-steel bars and alloy tool steel. Specialty steel had been the most competitive part of the domestic steel industry, relatively immune from foreign imports. Since this shift in foreign production, specialty-steel manufacturers have suddenly found themselves directly challenged by Asian and European producers who are now intent on gaining a larger share of the US specialty-steel market.

Notwithstanding these substantial costs to the economy at large, voluntary export restrictions have provided the US industries they're supposed to protect with very little real protection. For one thing, exporters from countries not subject to the agreements have rushed in to take advantage of whatever marketing opportunities the restrictions create. For another, manufacturers from restricted countries have shifted their operations to non-restricted countries, thus circumventing the agreements. Or foreign manufacturers have simply altered their products so that they fall outside the agreements. In response to a flood of imported shoes from Korea and Taiwan, voluntary export agreements were negotiated with these countries in 1977. One year later, footwear imports from Hong Kong, Italy, and Brazil had more than filled the gap. And because the 1977 agreements had not covered rubber footwear, Korean and Taiwanese manufacturers merely changed the composition of their products, substituting rubber for certain parts. In no time, millions of Americans were wear-

Coming:

Morton Kondracke on
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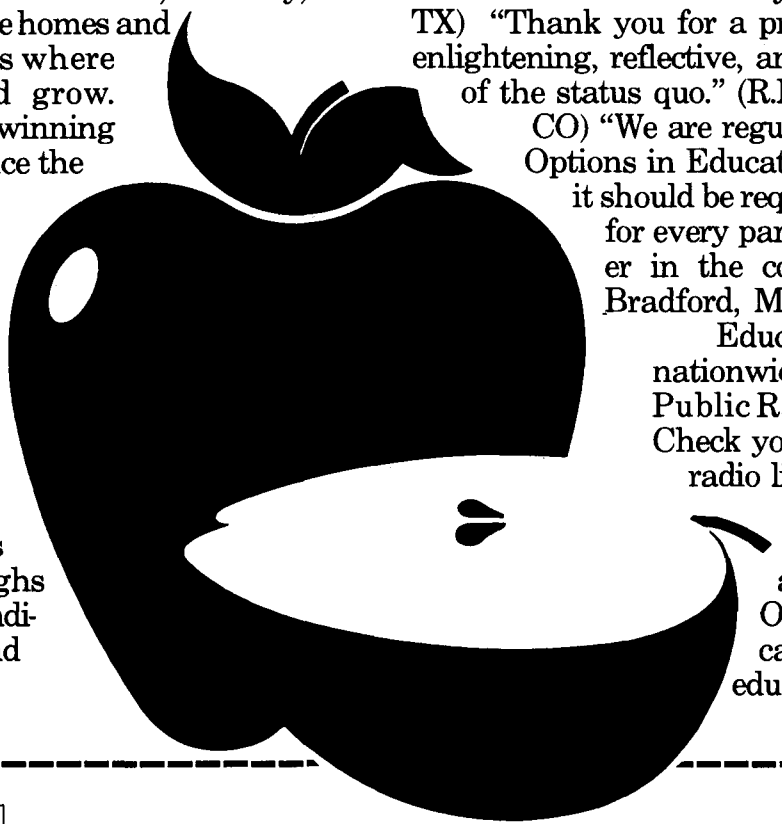

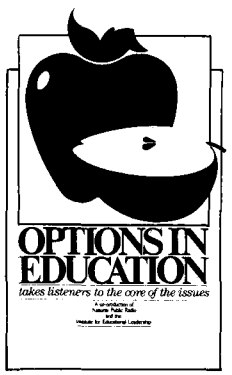

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ing rubber shoes from Korea and Taiwan.

The same sad story followed a 1977 agreement with Japan voluntarily limiting Japan's export of color television receivers. By 1978, color sets were streaming into the United States from Taiwan, Korea, and Singapore. After agreements were reached with these countries, the TVs began entering the US in the form of sub-assemblies and components, which were not restricted by the agreements. Since by this time most US television manufacturers already had established their own overseas operations to produce their own subassemblies and components, they were in no position to seek yet another round of agreements restricting these imports as well.

AT BEST, voluntary restrictions have only postponed the competitive decline of the industries they have sought to protect. They have not helped these industries improve their long-term competitive positions. The steel industry, for example, failed to take advantage of the breathing space it enjoyed after the first round of voluntary restrictions that went into effect in 1969. In fact, the industry's capital expenditures for each of the six subsequent years were below the 1968 level. Nor did the steel industry undertake any major restructuring after the "trigger-price" system was initiated in 1977. The same failure to retool during periods of protection has characterized most of the textile, apparel, footwear, and color television industries.

Part of the problem has been that the US government has never conditioned protection upon an industry's explicit agreement to restructure. But industries in decline typically have difficulty raising the capital necessary for restructuring. Tax credits and depreciation allowances don't help, since there are no profits to deduct them from. Banks and investors don't like to sink money into enterprises that show little promise of profitability in the short run. The US government could step in to fill this gap but, with the exception of bailouts for near-bankrupt firms like Lockheed and Chrysler, the government has not developed any positive program for helping industries restructure. The Trade Act of 1974 authorized the government to provide limited loans and loan guarantees to companies injured by foreign competition, but it restricted eligibility to companies that already had experienced an absolute decrease in sales or production. As a result, these funds have come too late, after companies have been seriously weakened, and the help has gone to the weakest companies within the industry rather than to those that have the best chance of regaining world market share. In any case, the funding has been too limited. In the apparel industry, the average grant has been approximately one million dollars—not nearly enough to permit major retooling.

The only kind of industry restructuring in which the US government has directly participated has been the negative one of rolling back health, safety, and environmental regulations. The auto and steel industries consistently have argued that such rollbacks are necessary preconditions for their competitive survival. In response, recent administrations have trimmed, rescinded, or extended timetables for complying with assorted regulations. In conjunction with its push for Japanese restraint, the Reagan administration has announced that it would relax or rescind 34 environmental and safety regulations upon automobiles.

But industry investments required by health, safety, and environmental regulations have had only a marginal impact upon their international competitiveness. During the 1970s the steel industry spent an average of $365 million annually to reduce pollution and improve worker safety—about 17 percent of its total capital investment during the decade. Japanese steel manufacturers, meanwhile, spent more than twice as much money to control pollution and protect the safety of their workers. The West Germans were not far behind. Moreover, 48 percent of the cost of the pollution-abatement required of US manufacturers was underwritten by state and local governments through industrial development bonds. Clearly, regulatory requirements cannot be held responsible for the competitive decline of US industry, and regulatory rollbacks are unlikely to result in industrial revitalization. Even if Detroit retains all the money it hopes to save by avoiding regulations—an estimated $1.4 billion over the next five years—it won't come close to raising the $80 billion it needs to retool sufficiently and regain competitiveness with the Japanese.

As a practical matter, could successive administrations have done any differently? The answer is yes. In the face of urgent demands of declining industries and their unions for relief from imports, wasn't protection in some form politically inevitable? The answer is no. These competitive problems have been compounded over decades. The government could have worked closely with the most competitive businesses and their unions in each of these industries at an early stage. By anticipating serious competitive declines, it could have developed a politically acceptable strategy for salvaging the industry through carefully targeted export subsidies, funds for new investment, aid in developing foreign markets, and programs to retrain and relocate permanently laid-off workers.

IRONICALLY, the most competitive businesses in each of these industries—and their industrial customers—neither sought nor wanted protection initially, but had it thrust upon them. This was the case for much of the textile industry in the face of the protection accorded raw-fiber producers; for a significant portion of the clothing industry with regard to protection given to textile manufacturers; for part of the shoe industry—particularly dealers and retailers—in the face of the protection given to footwear manufacturers; and for specialty-steel producers and auto makers in light of the protection given to carbon-steel

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manufacturers. Similarly, it was no accident that in 1979 a robust General Motors opposed tariff protection against Japanese imports, while Ford clamored for it. Seeing its own profits threatened from abroad, a less confident General Motors has now joined the pro-protection chorus.

The US government could have taken political advantage of these differences within industries by strengthening the most competitive businesses and helping workers find new jobs. Instead, it watched passively as one industry after another lost market share to foreign producers. Finally, the least competitive businesses within each industry have been able to form strong political coalitions—often with the support of organized labor—to demand and obtain protection. This pattern has become so common, and the mutual responses of industry and government so routine, that the eventual strategy for "saving" the US auto industry was to be expected. The only change in tactics over the years has been a gradual movement on the part of the government toward export restrictions that are less formal and less visible, resting upon ever more subtle trade "discussions," suggestions, and veiled threats.

A NATION cannot simply ignore its declining industries in hopes that market forces will somehow take care of the problem. Our present economy is less able to adjust on its own to such declines than at any time in the recent past. Fifteen years ago, when only eight percent of our economy was subject to foreign trade and we enjoyed rapid growth, a decline in one industry typically was offset by increases in another. Capital and labor could shift fairly easily out of old enterprises and into new. But today, with more than 20 percent of our economy exposed to foreign trade and with much slower domestic growth, these adjustments are far more difficult. Industry declines are not automatically offset by growing domestic enterprises that will absorb the newly freed capital and labor. Instead, all too often, the new growth takes place abroad—attracting our capital but stranding our labor within vast regional pockets of unemployment. The political and social costs of these dislocations are becoming too high to be ignored. We have only two practical choices to make about our declining industries. We can protect them from foreign competition by erecting tariffs, quotas, or "voluntary" export agreements, and by sacrificing the health and safety of workers and consumers. Or we can ease the adjustment of capital and labor out of declining industries by assisting workers with retraining and relocating and by subsidizing the development of new businesses within the same region or community, while providing short-term funds to those portions of declining industries that are capable of becoming competitive on their own.

The US has chosen to rely mostly on the first alternative, and the Reagan administration shows no sign of altering that choice. Autos aren't the only example. Three weeks ago the administration quietly removed duty-free status for $3.8 billion worth of imports from Hong Kong, South Korea, Taiwan, Brazil, and Mexico—thereby substantially increasing the protection accorded US manufacturers of car parts, electrical goods, fertilizer, and chemicals. And if accepted by Congress, the administration's proposed cuts in federal job-training and regional economic development programs will make it harder than ever for workers in declining industries to shift into new jobs.

By contrast, our major trading partners—particularly Japan, West Germany, and France—have devised a variety of measures for accelerating the movement of capital and labor out of their declining industries. In recent years they have grown more sophisticated in their policies for retraining and relocating workers, for developing new industry in depressed regions, and for restructuring declining industries in ways that salvage their most competitive parts.

IN A WORLD economy becoming increasingly integrated, advanced industrial nations must learn to divest themselves gracefully of their least competitive businesses. The future strength of the US economy will not depend on the production of automobiles or steel any more than will the future of the Japanese economy. Surely we will continue to have some automobile and steel-making capacity, particularly in high-technology components and in specialty steel. But the bulk of these industries inevitably will go the way of textiles, apparel, footwear, shipbuilding, and televisions—first to South Korea, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Singapore, Mexico, and Brazil, and then on to Malaysia, Thailand, the Philippines, and the rest of Latin America.

This pattern of industrial evolution can be expected to accelerate in the coming years as the costs of worldwide communication and transportation continue to drop. Major industrial declines will be a continuous aspect of our economic life. After autos and steel it will be other mature industries such as petrochemicals and home appliances. Meanwhile the competition for new markets will be shifting to new "knowledge-intensive" industries like fiber-optics, robotics, fine chemicals, semiconductors, and products derived from biotechnology.

Ultimately, our economic future will depend on the speed and efficiency with which our capital and labor can find their way out of declining industries and into emerging ones. "Voluntary" export agreements and regulatory rollbacks just retard this necessary transition. Instead we need affirmative policies that help distressed industries salvage their most competitive segments and that help workers adjust to change. Such policies will require—dread word—planning. Getting them enacted will require coalition-building. Anything less is not a strategy for economic development. It is a recipe for slow but sure economic decay.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Being Seen

A group called First Run Features has assembled 17 independent American films and is showing them in a three-month program at the Art Theater in New York. Some of them have been seen previously; many of them are now, or are soon going to be, in several other cities. Occasionally, the bill as such will be presented in other cities. "Independent" means, almost always, low budget; what it certainly means, if a film reaches the screen still identified as "independent," is that none of the big distributors has picked it up, that it is having to make its way screen by screen. I've seen two of the 17 being handled by FRF, and so far, cheers!

Joe and Maxi, which actually I'd seen a year ago in a brief NY engagement, is a feature-length documentary by (Ms.) Maxi Cohen and Joel Gold about Cohen's father, Joe, a rough-tough wholesale fish-and-clams dealer of the New Jersey coast who is dying of cancer from the time the picture begins and who is joking, hustling, cutting-out-the-crap, keeping busy, right through to the end, as far as we know. Cohen saw that her father was a man of strength and vulcanized values, a bit of a cynic, a good deal of a hedonist, a man whose non-sentimentality covered up both warm feeling and considerable coldness. It's all in the film—without mush, as Joe would have liked it (a remark he would have hated). *Joe and Maxi* is a taking account of their relationship, a portrait of a non-heroic gutsy man, and a picture of a widespread sector of American society, the sector that has good enough income but, by virtue of the work it does, mixes elements of pure prole with middle class.

Gal Young Un is fiction, made from a story by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, probably best remembered as the author of *The Yearling*, which was filmed in 1946. Like a lot of Rawlings's stories, *Gal Young Un* is about poor Florida whites in the 1920s. All the work on the film except the acting was done by Victor Nuñez—the adaptation, the directing, the photography, and the editing.

Nuñez's single best achievement is his casting and his direction of his cast. If he had been given a $10 million budget, he could have had better-known people but not necessarily better ones. It's easy to imagine certain familiar actors in the principal roles, but what's astonishing about this cast is that you don't want to. When you remember this picture and think of those characters, you can't think of them otherwise than as embodied by those actors, even when you fantasize about their lives before or after or laterally out of the story. This is an acid test.

It's Prohibition time, there's moonshining and bootlegging. A good-looking young scoundrel, David Peck, marries a lonely widow, Dana Preu, just because she has a house out in the country, some cash, and a good location for a still. She learns his reasons after the marriage; accepts her fate; accepts—as fitting her wifely lot—her work in the running of the still, although nothing like that has ever been part of her life. Peck soon buys a flashy car and goes off on selling trips of at least a week. She accepts this, too, stoically, even affectionately. Then, on one return, he brings home a girl whom he installs in an upstairs bedroom. Which he sometimes visits. The girl is played by J. Smith who, if she keeps on acting, won't change her name, I hope.

The wife turns. Up to now she has accepted everything, whether she liked it or not, as part of her wifely portion. The girl's intrusion changes everything because it changes the marriage. The end, even the twist after the end, can be foreseen, but this doesn't hurt. It would matter in most films that masquerade as realism but are just malarkey: *Gal Young Un* is very far from masquerade, so its realism holds us even when we know how it's unfolding.

Peck is a credible self-justifying country skunk, with enough sex and con to get away with selfishness most of the time, and with the old device of falling back on tribal feeling, "belonging" in these parts, knowing these folks, as part of his license and excuse. J. Smith catches perfectly the non-vicious amorality of a homeless kid who does more or less what men tell her to do and sleeps where she's told because she has neither choice nor standards, but who is in fact a good-hearted innocent, whose residual innocence finally saves her.

But the kingpin—queenpin—is Preu, as the loyal, terse, dignified widow. I've read that Preu is by profession an English teacher. She is also a natural film actor—at least with Nuñez's help. She is able to concentrate her imagination and body on a state of being/feeling with no worry about external revelation of that state, with the ability to let the "visibility" of that state come through, the ability (as they say) to let the camera find it. This is a talent and is not open to anyone simply by not "acting." It is the gift of unspoken film expressiveness, and Preu has it. When the camera holds on her, she holds us. What helps to certify this talent is Preu's validity on either side of taciturnity, when she has to express emotion, which she always does authentically.

Films Worth Seeing

From Mao to Mozart: Isaac Stern in China. A decently made documentary, full of fascinating detail about the violinist's 1979 visit, recitals, lessons.

Image Before My Eyes. Another American documentary—stills, newsreels, modern interviews—of Jewish life in Poland before 1939. *Shtetls* and very much more.

Oblomov. A Soviet film that restructures Goncharov's great novel but renders its centrality pretty well.

Thief. A slice of scary mod craziness. James Caan as a maniacal safecracker, drilling away to one of the loudest film scores on record.

SK

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But she pulls the film into small strong shape with her power of implication.

If Nuñez were as confident in other departments as he is with his actors, the film would be even stronger. It's flawed by just what he doesn't do with his actors—over-directing. The camera tracks superfluously; there are uncalled-for close-ups and hand-held sequences, reverse shots or additional shots of a scene for no apparent reason. The framing shows occasional touches of the arty. His sense of timing occasionally lapses: when he cuts from a face with a question to another face with an answer, he sometimes misses half a beat, like a cue picked up too slowly on stage.

I emphasize that these are flaws in a good film that could have been better. Nuñez is now 35 and is working. He gives us real reasons to hope.

Even well-recognized directors can have trouble getting released, particularly (though not only) if they are foreigners. Bertrand Tavernier was the director of two fine French films, *The Clockmaker* (*TNR*, September 4, 1976) and *Let Joy Reign Supreme* (*TNR*, September 17, 1977). His two subsequent films (he has since done a fifth) have gone unreleased in the US. Now the Film Program at the Public Theater brings us *Spoiled Children*, and it puts me in a familiar fix. I'm very grateful for the chance to have seen it, and I didn't care much for it.

Michel Piccoli is a screenwriter who, in order to work on a script undisturbed, rents a small apartment in a lower-middle-class Paris apartment house far from the luxe flat where he lives with his wife and children. No quarrel with his family: just a professional move, although he often sleeps at the smaller place. In his new building a tenants' strike begins. He gets involved, meets a young woman (Christine Pascal), and the predictable affair follows.

"Predictable" hardly describes it: every move, every sigh, every pseudo-profound remark is right out of the pigeonholes on every French screenwriter's desk. I could hardly believe that the Tavernier who had cut so deeply in the other films had been willing to settle for this trite scratching around. And any effect on Piccoli of this societal adventure, his move into a different stratum of income-and-expectations, is completely unrealized. Tavernier wrote the script with Pascal and Charlotte Dubreuil, and they carefully set up a double framework—the social transposition and the affair—with no finish. Just a trite tristful parting at the end as Piccoli goes back where he came from, unaltered.

It's a bitter pill that frequently has to be swallowed, my pleading for the chance to see a particular film or a particular director's work and finding out that it's not so good: but it's not a pill that I want to avoid the risk of. Anyway *Spoiled Children* hasn't remotely dimmed my interest in this director. Bring on the other Taverniers.

Robert Brustein on theater

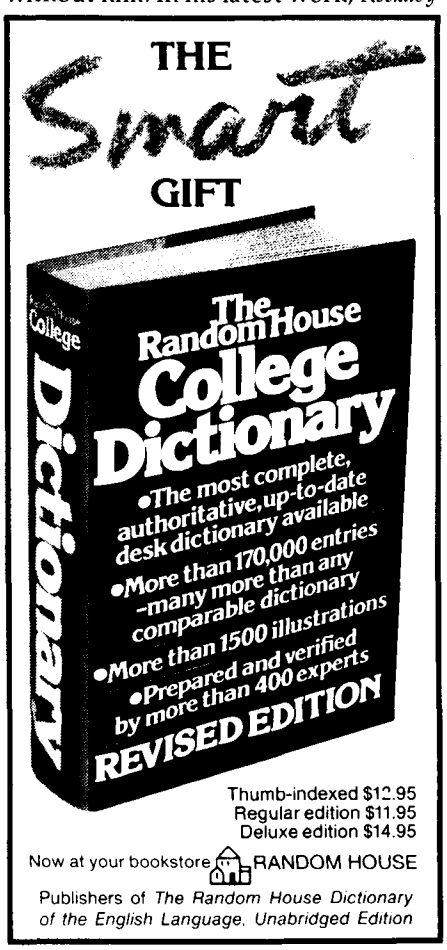
Last Things

Samuel Beckett's 75th birthday falls this year, an event for which the press has been busy tooling up its machinery of celebration. This may strike some people as ironic, considering how the press received his first play, *Waiting for Godot*. Over a quarter of a century ago, Walter Kerr (having already dismissed Ibsen and Chekhov as prime examples of "How Not To Write a Play") greeted *Godot* on Broadway as evidence that its author was not in touch with the minds and hearts of "the folks out front," while Marya Mannes, remarking that "I saw [*Godot*] at a matinee with the house half empty," concluded "and I doubt whether I have seen a worse play." I cite these reactions not to revive the old critical battles over modernism, or to argue for the superior prescience of minority critics (we're frequently guilty of similar blunders and oversights), but simply to emphasize how often the press goats of yesteryear rematerialize as the media idols of today. (The opposite happens even more often.)

This particular anniversary is a cheerful one, since Beckett remains at the height of his powers. But it's hard not to feel a little melancholy over how few of his sort are still around. Most ages find distinction in announcing their cultural inferiority to some golden past, but even discounting our love of self-depreciation, we seem to be living in an unusually arid creative period, with the Fisher King throwing his line into a pretty dry hole. How many living dramatists are really of the first rank? How many poets? How many novelists? I don't think the problem is simply a shortage of talent; it also has to do with a shortage of determination. Beckett persisted, regardless of bad reviews and half-empty matinees, but, in our country at least, the recent flap over elitism has made some artists a little afraid to be unusual.

But can we survive without bold creative genius? It is hard, of course, to argue on behalf of the imagination when people are out of work and the economy is failing, but a society without aspiring and adventurous artists ultimately will be a realization of that desolate wasteland prophesied by the previous generation of modernists.

Being one of the more important of these wasteland prophets, Beckett creates a metaphor that, in a sense, suggests what our condition would be without him. In his latest work, *Rockaby*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(at La Mama E.T.C.), he offers us that metaphor further compressed and refined. After *Godot* and *Endgame*—the only truly full-length Beckett plays—he has been experimenting with a variety of short forms, few of which take more than 15 minutes to play. It's almost as if Beckett is looking for that single word (Joyce refers to it in *Ulysses*) that would sum up the whole of human experience, and thereby make all other literary endeavor superfluous. In *Breath*, he seemed momentarily to have discovered it in a single sound—the expiration of air at the instant of birth and death. Since then he has returned to language, working with a minimalist, reductive prose that has grown increasingly musical in form.

Though the form changes, the theme has remained the same, ever since it was first stated by Pozzo in *Waiting for Godot* (1954): "They give birth astride a grave, the light gleams an instant, then it's night once more" (or as Didi rephrases it, more beautifully: "Astride of a grave and a difficult birth. Down in the hole, lingeringly, the grave digger puts on the forceps"). It is the same double sense of time we find in Chekhov, where life both creeps along and rushes by, a succession of endless days that are over so fast it's as though we had never lived. Always the poet of old age, Beckett lately has been concentrating less on the whole span of life than on its last moments—the thoughts and sensations preceding the coming of death. *Rockaby*, it has been noted, seems to be an extension of his *Footfalls*, where a young woman mourning her dead mother listens to the offstage sound of her own bereavement. In the new play, another woman appears on stage—possibly that same mother—being delivered, gracefully and lyrically, into the arms of death.

Ancient, whey-faced, dressed in a black embroidered gown, the woman sits in a beautifully crafted rocking chair, equipped with a footrest and placed on a platform above the stage. After a moment of silence, her quaking voice coughs through her throat crying "More"—like a child at bedtime demanding another chapter of a story. She begins to rock slowly, as a gentle, younger voice, offstage, responds to her request, offering the narrative of the woman's closing labors: "Time she stopped—going to and fro. . . . Till in the end—close of a long day. . . . All eyes—all sighs—high and low." It is a gentle melody with a dying fall—a plaint and an elegy about finality and the necessity for stasis, moving cyclically to its conclusion like a mournful roundelay. The voice begins to fade, and the rocker begins to stop. When it comes to a halt, the woman's eyes open again, and again comes the heartbreaking appeal for "More."

The soothing voice repeats its litany perhaps two or three times—weaving in motifs of seeing out ("Only window—facing other windows—other only window") and seeing in ("Famished eyes—like hers—to see—be seen") and seeing within ("Another creature—there—somewhere there—behind the pain"), while the rocking woman's voice cries in tones of increasing desperation and terror, "More." The voice now is bringing her delicately toward sleep ("So in the end—close of a long day. . . . High and low, to and fro, out of her window") and then toward the bottom of unconsciousness ("Time she went down—down the steep stairs—stop her eyes") and finally, shockingly, though with the same soothing delicacy, toward death ("Fuck life—rock her off") as the rocking stops, the old woman's head falls forward on her chest, revealing a horrible little hat, and she expires.

The play might be subtitled *Into the Grave, Endlessly Rocking*. For rocking, and non-rocking, is the composite image Beckett has chosen here to suggest the distinction between being and non-being. It is a perfect image, and in Billie Whitelaw Beckett has found the perfect actress to embody it—as she was the perfect actress to be the mouth of *Not I* in the Royal Court production of 1973. Playing both the rocking woman and the soothing voice, she shows us what an actress has to suffer in order to look into the abyss that Beckett perceives. In the curtain raiser—a prose piece called *Enough* about the conclusion of an affair between an old man and old woman ("Enough—my old breasts feel his old hands")—she is less effective, though it is a beautifully written piece. Appearing on stage as a reader, script in hand, wearing glasses, a sweater, and a skirt, Miss Whitelaw seems just a shade too deliberate and self-satisfied to pay the kind of price this material demands. In the rocking chair, however, under the nuanced and sensitive direction of Alan Schneider, she carves a 15-minute space in the theater to equal anything in the current season—a space which consolidates Beckett's place among the greatest living artists, and provides us all with another precious fragment to shore against our ruin.

The revisionist view of Eisenhower.

The Ike Age

by Stephen E. Ambrose

> For all the jokes about golf playing, he did a far, far better job of handling that office than anyone realized.
>
> —Ronald Reagan on Dwight D. Eisenhower

Since Andrew Jackson left the White House in 1837, 33 men have served as president of the United States. Of that number, only four have managed to serve eight consecutive years in the office—Ulysses Grant, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, and Dwight Eisenhower. Of these four, only two were also world figures in a field outside politics—Grant and Eisenhower—and only two had a higher reputation and broader popularity when they left office than when they entered—Roosevelt and Eisenhower.

Given this record of success, and the relative failure of Ike's successors, it is no wonder that there is an Eisenhower revival going on, or that President Reagan and his staff are attempting to present themselves as the Eisenhower administration resurrected. Another major reason for the current Eisenhower boom is nostalgia for the 1950s

Stephen E. Ambrose is professor of history at the University of New Orleans. He is the author of *The Supreme Commander* (Doubleday), *Rise to Globalism* (Penguin), and 10 other books on recent American history. He is currently at work on a full-scale biography of Eisenhower.

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—a decade of peace with prosperity, a 1.5 percent annual inflation rate, self-sufficiency in oil and other precious goods, balanced budgets, and domestic tranquility. Eisenhower "revisionism," now proceeding at full speed, gives Ike himself much of the credit for these accomplishments.

The reassessment of Eisenhower is based on a multitude of new sources, as well as new perspectives, which have become available only in the past few years. The most important of these is Ike's private diary, which he kept on a haphazard basis from the late 1930s to his death in 1969. Other sources include his extensive private correspondence with his old military and new big business friends, his telephone conversations (which he had taped or summarized by his secretary, who listened in surreptitiously), minutes of meetings of the cabinet and of the National Security Council, and the extensive diary of his press secretary, the late James Hagerty. Study of these documents has changed the predominant scholarly view of Eisenhower from, in the words of the leading revisionist, political scientist Fred Greenstein of Princeton, one of "an aging hero who reigned more than he ruled and who lacked the energy, motivation, and political skill to have a significant impact on events," to a view of Ike as "politically astute and informed, actively engaged in putting his personal stamp on public policy, [who] applied a carefully thought-out conception of leadership to the conduct of his presidency."

The revisionist portrait of Ike contains many new features. Far from being a "part-time" president who preferred the golf course to the Oval Office, he worked an exhausting schedule, reading more and carrying on a wider correspondence than appeared at the time. Instead of the "captive hero" who was a tool of the millionaires in his cabinet, Ike made a major effort to convince the Republican right wing to accept the New Deal reforms, an internationalist foreign policy, and the need to modernize and liberalize the Republican party. Rather than ducking the controversial issue of Joseph McCarthy, Eisenhower strove to discredit the senator. Ike's failure to issue a public endorsement of *Brown v. Topeka* was not based on any fundamental disagreement with the Warren Court's ruling, but rather on his understanding of the separation, the balance, of powers in the US government—he agreed with the decision, it turns out, and was a Warren supporter. Nor was Ike a tongue-tied general of terrible syntax; he was a careful speaker and an excellent writer who confused his audiences only when he wanted to do so.

Most of all, the revisionists give Eisenhower high marks for ending the Korean War, staying out of Vietnam, and keeping the peace elsewhere. They argue that these achievements were neither accidental nor lucky, but rather the result of carefully conceived policies and firm leadership at the top. The revisionists also praise Ike for holding down defense costs, a key factor in restraining inflation while maintaining prosperity.

Altogether, the "new" Ike is an appealing figure, not only for his famous grin and winning personality, but also because he wisely guided us through perilous times.

"THE BLAND leading the bland." So the nightclub comics characterized the Eisenhower administration. Much of the blandness came from Ike's refusal to say, in public, anything negative about his fellow politicians. His lifelong rule was to refuse to discuss personalities. But in the privacy of his diary, parts of which have just been published with an excellent introduction by Robert H. Ferrell (*The Eisenhower Diaries*, W. W. Norton), he could be sarcastic, slashing, and bitter.

In 1953, when Ike was president and

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his old colleague from the war, Winston Churchill, was prime minister, the two met in Bermuda. Churchill, according to Ike,

> has developed an almost childlike faith that all of the answers to world problems are to be found merely in British-American partnership. . . . He is trying to relive the days of World War II. In those days he had the enjoyable feeling that he and our president were sitting on some rather Olympian platform . . . and directing world affairs. Even if this picture were an accurate one of those days, it would have no application to the present. But it was only partially true, even then, as many of us who . . . had to work out the solutions for nasty local problems are well aware.

That realistic sense of the importance of any one individual, even a Churchill or a Roosevelt, was basic to Eisenhower's thought. Back in 1942, with reference to MacArthur, Ike scribbled in his diary that in modern war, "no one person can be a Napoleon or a Caesar." What was required was teamwork and cooperation.

Although Lyndon Johnson, John F. Kennedy, Hubert Humphrey, and other Democratic senators of the 1950s catch hell from time to time in Ike's diary, he reserved his most heartfelt blasts for the Republicans (he never expected much from the Democrats anyway). Thus, Ike wrote of Senator William Knowland of California, "In his case there seems to be no final answer to the question 'How stupid can you get?'" In *Eisenhower the President* (Prentice-Hall), William Bragg Ewald Jr., a former Eisenhower speechwriter, records that when Republicans urged Ike to convince Nelson Rockefeller to take the second place on a 1960 ticket with Richard Nixon, Ike did so, rather half-heartedly, and then reported on Rockefeller: "He is no philosophical genius. It is pretty hard to get him in and tell him something of his duty. He has a personal ambition that is overwhelming." Eisenhower told Nixon that the only way to persuade Rockefeller to run for the vice presidency was for Nixon to promise to step aside in Rockefeller's favor in 1964.

IKE DIDN'T like "politics," and he positively disliked "politicians." The behind-the-scenes compromises, the swapping of votes for pork-barrel purposes, the willingness to abandon conviction in order to be on the popular side all nearly drove him to distraction. His favorite constitutional reform was to limit congressional terms to two for the Senate and three or four for the House, in order to eliminate the professional politician from American life.

Nor did Ike much like the press. "The members of this group," he wrote in his diary, "are far from being as important as they themselves consider," but he did recognize that "they have a sufficient importance . . . in the eyes of the average Washington officeholder to insure that much government time is consumed in courting favor with them and in dressing up ideas and programs so that they look as saleable as possible." Reporters, Ike wrote, "have little sense of humor and, because of this, they deal in negative criticism rather than in any attempt toward constructive helpfulness." (Murray Kempton, in some ways the first Eisenhower revisionist, recalled how journalists had ridiculed Ike's amiability in the 1950s, while the president actually had intelligently confused and hoodwinked them. Kempton decided that Eisenhower was a cunning politician whose purpose was "never to be seen in what he did.")

The people Ike did like, aside from his millionaire friends, were those men who in his view rose above politics, including Milton Eisenhower, Robert Anderson, and Earl Warren. Of Milton, Ike wrote in 1953, "I believe him to be the most knowledgeable and widely informed of all the people with whom I deal. . . . So far as I am concerned, he is at this moment the most highly qualified man in the United States to be president. This most emphatically makes no exception of me. . . ." Had he not shrunk from exposing Milton to a charge of benefiting from nepotism, Ike would have made his younger brother a member of his cabinet.

In 1966, during an interview in Eisenhower's Gettysburg office, I asked him who was the most intelligent man he had ever met, expecting a long pause while he ran such names as Marshall, Roosevelt, de Gaulle, Churchill, Truman, or Khrushchev through his mind. But Ike never hesitated: "Robert Anderson," he said emphatically. Anderson, a Texan and a Democrat, served Ike in various capacities, including secretary of the navy and secretary of the treasury. Now Ewald reveals for the first time that Eisenhower offered Anderson the second spot on the Republican ticket for 1956 and wanted Anderson to be his successor. Anderson turned down the president because he thought the offer was politically unrealistic.

Which inevitably brings up the subject of Richard Nixon. Eisenhower's relations with Nixon have long been a puzzle. Ike tried to get Nixon to resign during the 1952 campaign, but Nixon saved himself with the Checkers speech. In 1956 Ike attempted to maneuver Nixon off the ticket by offering him a high-level cabinet post, but Nixon dug in his heels and used his connections with the right wing of the party to stay in place. And in 1960, Ike's campaign speeches for Nixon were distinctly unenthusiastic. Still, Eisenhower and Nixon never severed their ties. Ike stuck with Nixon throughout his life. He often remarked that Nixon's defeat by Kennedy was one of his greatest disappointments. And, of course, his grandson married one of Nixon's daughters. Sad to say, neither the diary nor the private correspondence offers any insights into Eisenhower's gut feelings toward Nixon. The relationship between the two men remains a puzzle.

SOME WRITERS used to say the same about the Eisenhower-Earl Warren relationship, but thanks to Ike's diary, Ewald's book, and the correspondence, we now have a better understanding of Eisenhower's feelings toward Warren personally, and toward his Court. In December 1955, Jim Hag-

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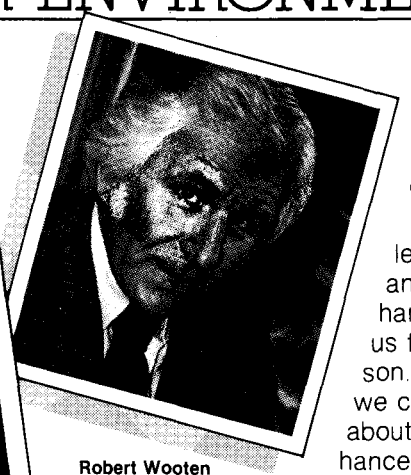

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erty suggested that if Ike could not run for a second term for reasons of health, Warren might make a good nominee. "Not a chance," Ike snapped back, "and I'll tell you why. I know that the Chief Justice is very happy right where he is. He wants to go down in history as a great Chief Justice, and he certainly is becoming one. He is dedicated to the Court and is getting the Court back on its feet and back in respectable standing again."

Eisenhower and Warren were never friends; as Ewald writes, "For more than seven years they sat, each on his eminence, at opposite ends of Pennsylvania Avenue, by far the two most towering figures in Washington, each playing out a noble role, in tragic inevitable estrangement." And he quotes Attorney General Herbert Brownell as saying, "Both Eisenhower and Warren were very reserved men. If you'd try to put your arm around either of them, he'd remember it for sixty days."

Ike had a great deal of difficulty with *Brown v. Topeka*, but more because of his temperament than for any racist reasons. He was always an evolutionist who wanted to move forward through agreement and compromise, not command and force. Ike much preferred consensus to conflict. Yet Ewald argues that he privately recognized the necessity and justice of *Brown v. Topeka*. Even had that not been so, he would have supported the Court, because—as he carefully explained to one of his oldest and closest friends, Sweed Hazlett, in a private letter—"I hold to the basic purpose. There must be respect for the Constitution—which means the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Constitution—or we shall have chaos. This I believe with all my heart—and shall always act accordingly."

Precisely because of that feeling, Eisenhower never made a public declaration of support for the *Brown v. Topeka* decision, despite the pleas of liberals, intellectuals, and many members of the White House staff that he do so. He felt that once the Supreme Court had spoken, the president had no right to second guess nor any duty to support the decision. The law was the law. That Ike was always ready to uphold the law, he demonstrated decisively when he sent the US Army into Little Rock in 1957 to enforce court-ordered desegregation.

Despite his respect for Warren and the Court, when I asked Eisenhower in 1965 what was his biggest mistake, he replied heatedly, "The appointment of that S.O.B. Earl Warren." Shocked, I replied, "General, I always thought that was your best appointment." "Let's not talk about it," he responded, and we did not. Now that I have seen the flattering and thoughtful references to Warren in the diary, I can only conclude that Eisenhower's anger at Warren was the result of the criminal rights cases of the early 1960s, not the desegregation decisions of the 1950s.

As everyone knows, Ike also refused publically to condemn Senator McCarthy, again despite the pleas of many of his own people, including his most trusted adviser, Milton. Ike told Milton, "I will not get into a pissing contest with that skunk."

The revisionists now tell us that the president was working behind the scenes, using the "hidden hand" to encourage peaceful desegregation and to censure McCarthy. He helped Attorney General Brownell prepare a brief from the Justice Department for the Court on *Brown v. Topeka* that attacked the constitutionality of segregation in the schools. As for McCarthy, Greenstein writes that Eisenhower,

> working most closely with Press Secretary Hagerty, conducted a virtual day-to-day campaign via the media and congressional allies to end McCarthy's political effectiveness. The overall strategy was to avoid *direct mention* of McCarthy in the president's public statements, lest McCarthy win sympathy as a spunky David battling against the presidential Goliath. Instead Eisenhower systematically condemned the *types* of actions in which McCarthy engaged.

Eisenhower revisionism is full of nostalgia for the 1950s, and it is certainly true that if you were white, male, and middle class or better, it was the best decade of the century. The 1950s saw peace and prosperity, no riots, relatively high employment, a growing GNP, virtually no inflation, no arms race, no great reforms, no great changes, low taxes, little government regulation of industry or commerce, and a president who was trusted and admired. Politics were middle-of-the-road—Eisenhower was the least partisan president of the century. In an essay entitled "Good-By to the 'Fifties—and Good Riddance," historian Eric Goldman called the Eisenhower years possibly "the dullest and dreariest in all our history." After the turmoil of the 1960s and 1970s—war, inflation, riots, higher taxes, an arms race, all accompanied by a startling growth in the size, cost, and scope of the federal government—many Americans may find the dullness and dreariness of the 1950s appealing.

Next to peace, the most appealing fact was the 1.5 percent inflation rate. The revisionists claim that Ike deserved much of the credit for that accomplishment because of his insistence on a balanced budget (which he actually achieved only twice, but he did hold down the deficits). Ike kept down the costs by refusing to expand the New Deal welfare services—to the disgruntlement of the Republican right wing, he was equally firm about refusing to dismantle the New Deal programs—and, far more important, by holding down defense spending.

This was, indeed, Ike's special triumph. He feared that an arms race with the Soviet Union would lead to uncontrollable inflation and eventually bankrupt the United States, without providing any additional security. In Ike's view, the more bombs and missiles we built, the less secure we would be, not

FEBRUARY AWAKENING
(for Michael and Mary Lou Rust)

In the Skagit Valley, cherries
blossom quite unimagined.
It's so every spring. Still there's no remembering
of such blooming as there is not
of the last rhythmic thrusts of love.
And now the delicate blue and white striped crocus
trembles its yellow filament
when the flock of wild trumpeter swans climb to the air,
lumbering their great eight-foot wings
to leave the ground in formation with a giant "whoosh!",
as they part from the sweet roots of winter wheat they've poked
all day to fly to their night time keeps.

John Logan

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just because of the economic impact, but because the more bombs we built, the more the Soviets would build. In short, Ike's fundamental strategy was based on his recognition that in nuclear warfare, there is no defense and can be no winner. In that situation, one did not need to be superior to the enemy in order to deter him.

The Democrats, led by Senator John F. Kennedy, criticized Ike for putting a balanced budget ahead of national defense. They accused him of allowing a "bomber gap" and, later, a "missile gap" to develop, and spoke of the need to "get America moving again." Nelson Rockefeller and Richard Nixon added to the hue and cry during the 1960 campaign, when they promised to expand defense spending. But as long as Eisenhower was president, there was no arms race. Neither the politicians nor the military-industrial complex could persuade Eisenhower to spend more money on the military. Inheriting a $50 billion defense budget from Truman, he reduced it to $40 billion and held it there for the eight years of his tenure.

Holding down defense costs was a longstanding theme of Ike's. As early as December 1945, just after he replaced George Marshall as army chief of staff, he jotted in his diary, "I'm astounded and appalled at the size and scope of plans the staff sees as necessary to maintain our security position now and in the future." And in 1951, before he became a candidate, he wrote in his diary that if the Congress and military could not be restrained about "this armament business, we will go broke and still have inefficient defenses."

President Eisenhower was unassailable on the subject. As one senator complained, "How in hell can I argue with Ike Eisenhower on a military matter?" But as Ike wrote in 1956 to his friend Hazlett, "Some day there is going to be a man sitting in my present chair who has not been raised in the military services and who will have little understanding of where slashes in their estimates can be made with little or no damage. If that should happen while we still have the state of tension that now exists in the world, I shudder to think of what could happen in this country."

One reason why Ike was able to reduce the military in a time of great tension was his intimate knowledge of the Soviet military situation. From 1956 on, he directed a series of flights by the U-2 spy plane over the Soviet Union. He had personally taken the lead in getting the U-2 program started, and he kept a tight personal control over the flights—he gave his approval to the individual flights only after a thorough briefing on where in the USSR the planes were going and what the CIA wanted to discover. Here too the revisionists have shown that the contemporary feeling, especially after Francis Gary Powers was shot down in 1960, that Ike was not in charge and hardly knew what was going on inside his own government is altogether wrong. He was absolutely in charge, not only of broad policy on the use of the U-2, but of implementing details as well.

The major factor in Eisenhower's ability to restrain defense spending was keeping the peace. His record here is clear and impressive—he signed an armistice in Korea less than half a year after taking office, stayed out of Vietnam, and managed to avoid war despite such crisis situations as Hungary and the Suez, Quemoy and Matsu, Berlin and Cuba. The revisionists insist that the credit must go to Ike, and they equally insist that Eisenhower, not Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, was in command of American foreign policy in the 1950s. Dulles, says Greenstein, "was assigned the 'get tough' side of foreign-policy enunciation, thus placating the fervently anti-Communist wing of the Republican party." Ike, meanwhile, appeared to be above the battle, while actually directing it on a day-to-day basis.

"In essence, Eisenhower used Dulles." So writes Robert Divine, one of America's leading diplomatic historians, in his provocative new book, *Eisenhower and the Cold War* (Oxford University Press). Divine concludes that "far from being the do-nothing President of legend, Ike was skillful and active in directing American foreign policy." All the revisionists agree that the contemporary idea that Dulles led Ike by the nose was a myth that Eisenhower himself did the most to encourage. Nevertheless, Eisenhower did have a high opinion of his secretary of state. Divine quotes Ike's comment to Emmet Hughes on Dulles: "There's only one man I know who has seen *more* of the world and talked with more people and *knows* more than he does—and that's me."

The quotation illustrates another often overlooked Eisenhower charac-

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teristic—his immense self-confidence. He had worked with some of the great men of the century—Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin, de Gaulle, Montgomery, and many others—long before he became president. His diary entry for the day after his inauguration speaks to the point: "My first day at the president's desk. Plenty of worries and difficult problems. But such has been my portion for a long time—the result is that this just seems (today) like a continuation of all I've been doing since July 1941—even before that."

Ike's vast experience in war and peace made him confident in crises. People naturally looked to him for leadership. No matter how serious the crisis seemed to be, Ike rarely got flustered. During a war scare in the Formosa Straits in 1955, he wrote in his diary, "I have so often been through these periods of strain that I have become accustomed to the fact that most of the calamities that we anticipate really never occur."

IKE'S self-confidence was so great that, Greenstein writes, he had "neither a need nor a desire" to capture headlines. "He employed his skills to achieve his ends by inconspicuous means." In foreign policy, this meant he did not issue strident warnings, did not—in public—threaten Russia or China with specific reprisals for specific actions. Instead, he retained his room for maneuver by deliberately spreading confusion. He did not care if editorial writers criticized him for jumbled syntax; he wanted to keep possible opponents guessing, and he did. For example, when asked at a March 1955 press conference if he would use atomic bombs to defend Quemoy and Matsu, he replied:

> Every war is going to astonish you in the way it occurred, and in the way it is carried out. So that for a man to predict, particularly if he has the responsibility for making the decision, to predict what he is going to use, how he is going to do it, would I think exhibit his ignorance of war; that is what I believe.

As he intended, the Chinese found such statements inscrutable, as they had in Korea two years earlier. When truce talks in Korea reached an impasse in mid-May 1953, Ike put the pressure on the Chinese, hinting to them that the United States might use atomic weapons if a truce could not be arranged, and backing this up by transferring atomic warheads to American bases in Okinawa. The Chinese then accepted a truce. As Divine writes, "Perhaps the best testimony to the shrewdness of the President's policy is the impossibility of telling even now whether or not he was bluffing."

Nearly all observers agree that one of Ike's greatest accomplishments was staying out of Vietnam in the face of intense pressure from his closest advisers to save the French position there or, after July 1954, to go in alone to defeat Ho Chi Minh. Ike was never tempted. As early as March 1951 he wrote in his diary, "I'm convinced that no military victory is possible in that kind of theater." And in a first draft of his memoirs, written in 1963 but not published until 1981 by Ewald, Ike wrote:

> The jungles of Indochina would have swallowed up division after division of United States troops, who, unaccustomed to this kind of warfare, would have sustained heavy casualties until they had learned to live in a new environment. Furthermore, the presence of ever more numbers of white men in uniform probably would have aggravated rather than assuaged Asiatic resentments.

That was hardheaded military reasoning by General Eisenhower. But President Eisenhower stayed out of Vietnam as much for moral as for military reasons. When the Joint Chiefs suggested to him in 1954 that the United States use an atomic bomb against the Vietminh around Dien Bien Phu, the president said he would not be a party to using that "terrible thing" against Asians for the second time in less than a decade. And in another previously unpublished draft of his memoirs, he wrote:

> The strongest reason of all for the United States refusal to [intervene] is that fact that among all the powerful nations of the world the United States is the only one with a tradition of anti-colonialism. . . . The standing of the United States as the most powerful of the anti-colonial powers is an asset of incalculable value to the Free World. . . . Thus it is that the moral position of the United States was more to be guarded than the Tonkin Delta, indeed than all of Indochina.

Ike's international outlook, already well known, is highlighted by the new documents. He believed that the bonds that tied Western Europe and the United States together were so tight that the fate of one was the fate of the other. In May 1947, one year before the Marshall Plan, he wrote in his diary, in reference to Western Europe:

> I personally believe that the best thing we could now do would be to post 5 billion to the credit of the secretary of state and tell him to use it to support democratic movements wherever our vital interests indicate. Money should be used to promote possibilities of self-sustaining economies, not merely to prevent immediate starvation.

Ike also anticipated Kennedy's Alliance for Progress. Historian Burton Kaufman, in the narrowest but perhaps most important study reviewed here, *Trade and Aid: Eisenhower's Foreign Economic Policy* (Johns Hopkins University Press), concludes: "Not only did Eisenhower reorient the mutual security program away from military and toward economic assistance, he was also the first president to alter the geographical direction of American foreign aid toward the developing world." After an exhaustive examination, Kaufman also gives Ike high marks for resisting Nelson Rockefeller and others who wanted the president to enourage private investment overseas through tax breaks, while reducing or eliminating all forms of public foreign aid. Kaufman's basic theme is "the transition of a foreign economic program based on the concept of 'trade not aid' when Eisenhower took office to one predicated on the principle of 'trade and aid,' with the emphasis clearly on the flow of public capital abroad, by the time he left the White House."

That Ike himself was in charge of this transition, Kaufman leaves no doubt. That Kaufman likes Ike is equally clear: the foreign aid and trade program, Kaufman writes, "demonstrates the quality and character of Eisenhower's intellect and the cogency and forcefulness of his arguments in defense of administration policy. Finally, it emphasizes Eisenhower's flexibility as president and his capacity to alter his views in response to changing world conditions."

"DR. MARK GROSS, an abortionist in Phoenix, failed to notice that his patient was eight months pregnant, and so had a live birth to deliver. Mother and infant daughter doing fine, thank you. 'We can't always be perfect,' a spokesman for the clinic said afterward. True enough, but it's interesting that when an abortionist makes a mistake, the patient lives."

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Kaufman, however, is critical of Ike on a number of points. Eisenhower himself, it turns out, could be as hypocritical as the "politicians" he scorned. In his speeches, Ike espoused the principles of free trade with sincerity and conviction; in his actions, he supported a protectionist agricultural policy and made broad concessions to the protectionist forces in Congress. Kaufman reaches the conclusion that "he often retreated on trade and tariff matters; he gave up the struggle with hardly a whimper."

And, as Blanche Wiesen Cook, another of the new Eisenhower scholars (but no revisionist), points out in *The Declassified Eisenhower* (Doubleday), Ike's vision of a peaceful world was based on a sophisticated version of Henry Luce's "American Century." Cook argues that Eisenhower's "blueprint . . . involved a determination to pursue political warfare, psychological warfare, and economic warfare everywhere and at all times." Under Ike's direction, she writes, the CIA and other branches of the government "ended all pretentions about territorial integrity, national sovereignty and international law. Covert operatives were everywhere, and they were active. From bribery to assassination, no activity was unacceptable short of nuclear war."

Cook does stress the importance of Eisenhower's stance against general war and his opposition to an arms race, but insists that these positions have to be placed in context, a context that includes the CIA-inspired and -led governmental overthrows in Iran and Guatemala, covert operations of all types in Vietnam and Eastern Europe, and assassination attempts against political leaders in the Congo and Cuba. Returning to an earlier view of Ike, Cook regards him as a "captive hero," the "chosen instrument" of the leaders of the great multinational corporations "to fight for the world they wanted."

ONE DOES NOT have to accept Cook's "captive hero" view to realize that it may indeed be time, as Kaufman indicates, to blow the whistle on Eisenhower revisionism. Ike had his shortcomings and he suffered serious setbacks. For all his openness to new ideas, he was rigid and dogmatic in his anti-communism. The darker side of Eisenhower's refusal to condemn McCarthy was that Ike himself agreed with the senator on the nature, if not the extent, of the problem, and he shared the senator's goals, if not his methods. After his first year in office, Ike made a list of his major accomplishments to date. Peace in Korea was first, the new defense policy second. Third on the list: "The highest security standards are being insisted upon for those employed in government service," a bland way of saying that under his direction, the Civil Service Commission had fired 2,611 "security risks" and reported that 4,315 other government workers had resigned when they learned they were under investigation. That was the true "hidden hand" at work, and the true difference between Ike and McCarthy—Ike got rid of Communists and fellow travelers (and many liberals) quietly and effectively, while McCarthy, for all his noise, accomplished nothing.

Thus, no matter how thoroughly the revisionists document Ike's opposition to McCarthy personally or his support for Warren, it remains true that his failure to speak out directly on McCarthy encouraged the witch hunters, just as his failure to speak out directly on the *Brown v. Topeka* decision encouraged the segregationists. The old general never admitted that it was impossible for him to be truly above the battle, never seemed to understand that the president is inevitably a part of the battle, so much so that his inaction can have as great an impact as his action.

With McCarthy and *Brown v. Topeka* in mind, there is a sad quality to the following Eisenhower diary passage, written in January 1954, about a number of Republican senators whom Ike was criticizing for being more inclined to trade votes than to provide clear leadership:

> They do not seem to realize when there arrives that moment at which soft speaking should be abandoned and a fight to the end undertaken. Any man who hopes to exercise leadership must be ready to meet this requirement face to face when it arises; unless he is ready to fight when necessary, people will finally begin to ignore him.

One of Ike's greatest disappointments was his failure to liberalize and modernize the Republican party, in order to make it the majority party in the United States. "The Republican party must be known as a progressive organization or it is sunk," he wrote in his diary in November 1954. "I believe this so emphatically that far from appeasing or reasoning with the dyed-in-the-wool reactionary fringe, we

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should completely ignore it and when necessary, repudiate it." Responding to cries of "impeach Earl Warren," Ike wrote in his diary, "If the Republicans as a body should try to repudiate him, I shall leave the Republican Party and try to organize an intelligent group of independents, however small." He was always threatening to break with the Republican party, or at least rename it; in March 1954, he told Hagerty, "You know, what we ought to do is get a word to put ahead of Republican—something like 'new' or 'modern' or something. We just can't work with fellows like McCarthy, Bricker, Jenner and that bunch."

A favorite revisionist quotation, which is used to show Ike's political astuteness, comes from a 1954 letter to his brother Edgar:

> Should any political party attempt to abolish social security and eliminate labor laws and farm programs, you would not hear of that party again in our political history. There is a tiny splinter group, of course, that believes that you can do these things. Among them are H. L. Hunt, a few other Texas oil millionaires, and an occasional politician and businessman from other areas. Their number is negligible and they are stupid.

Good enough, but a critic would be quick to point out that Ike's "tiny splinter group" managed to play a large role in the nominations of Barry Goldwater, Richard Nixon, and Ronald Reagan. In short, although Ike saw great dangers to the right in the Republican party, he did little to counter the reactionary influence in his own organization. Franklin Roosevelt did a far better job of curbing the left wing in the Democratic party, and generally in building his party, than anything Ike did for the Republicans.

THE EISENHOWER legacy for the Reagan administration, in brief, is mixed. Reagan can choose to emphasize the darker side of Ike's foreign policy, with its emphasis on CIA activities and reflexive opposition to communism, or he can follow Ike's lead and reject any thought of general war while searching for a genuine peace. Similarly, on the domestic front he can ignore the poor and the minorities in an attempt to balance the budget and curb inflation, or he can again emulate Ike and insist on retaining a strong Social Security system backed by the federal government. He could also recall that Ike presided over the largest public works program in the history of mankind, the Interstate Highway System.

What Reagan cannot do, and still remain faithful to Eisenhower's legacy, is spend increasing sums on the military. From the end of World War II to his last day in the White House, Eisenhower resisted swollen military budgets. In January 1952 he noted in his diary his fear of "the danger of internal deterioration through the annual expenditure of unconscionable sums on a program of indefinite duration, extending far into the future." Or, as he told some members of Congress, "It is perfectly clear that you can't provide security just with a check book. You've got to be prepared to live with a series of [crises] for the next 40 years. If these people decide to put another $3 billion into the budget every time Russia tries to push, they might as well go all the way to a garrison state." The style and rhetoric of the Reagan administration might well be those of the Eisenhower administration—the quick and easy smile, low-key cabinet government on the Whig model, practical businessmen in charge, balanced budgets and lower taxes, stern opposition to communism—but so long as the Reagan people insist on expanded military expenditures the reality can never be the same. Ike's legacy means more than presidential style; he also bequeathed us a record of achievement.

Shortly after Ike left office, a group of leading American historians was asked to rate the presidents. Ike came in near the bottom of the poll. That result was primarily a reflection of how enamored the professors were with FDR and Harry Truman. Today, those same historians would compare Ike with his successors rather than his predecessors and place him in the top 10, if not the top five, of all our presidents. No matter how much one qualifies that record by pointing to this or that shortcoming or failure of the Eisenhower administration, it remains an enviable record. No wonder the people like Ike.

A Novel Within a Novel Within . . .

If on a winter's night a traveler
by Italo Calvino
translated from the Italian by William Weaver

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book; $12.95)

"You are about to begin reading Italo Calvino's new novel, *If on a winter's night a traveler*. Relax. Concentrate. Dispel every other thought. Let the world around you fade." With these words, which open his latest novel, Calvino confronts the relationship of the world of fiction to the world of actuality. The rest of his book shows how the fictive imagination interacts with reality and how each is dependent on the other. Calvino takes Descartes a step further: "The universe will express itself as long as somebody will be able to say, 'I read, therefore *it* writes.'"

Italo Calvino has already established himself as a writer caught up by the fantastic and the marvelous, and in his stories and such earlier novels as *Cosmicomics* and *Invisible Cities*, he moves back and forth between different levels of reality, mixing legend and anecdote, the distant past and the present. Calvino's surrealism works because he nearly always has one foot planted firmly in the world of ordinary human experience. This is the anchor that makes his imaginary flights not only tolerable but entertaining.

In *If on a winter's night a traveler*, Calvino's anchor is the reader addressed in the first sentence. He has bought the book and settles down to read it in a quiet room at home. He has certain literary habits and expectations concerning the role of fiction in his life. But soon the disorders of ordinary existence disrupt his fictive experiences. He discovers that the book he is reading is a spoiled copy. The signatures of another book, a Polish novel, have been bound in together with the pages of the Calvino novel. The following day, the reader returns to the bookstore where he bought it, and there he meets a young woman who is also returning a defective copy of the book. She is pretty and he scrapes an acquaintance with

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her. They agree that they rather prefer the Polish novel to Calvino's. The reader also succeeds in obtaining the young woman's phone number. By bringing these two people together, the act of reading has literally affected their lives, and the rest of the novel alternates between scenes from their lives and from the fiction they are reading.

They end up reading a lot and seeing a great deal of each other, for the Polish novel which they have decided to read instead of Calvino's also turns out to be faulty. The manufacturers have printed only one side of each signature, which means that when bound, two printed pages are followed by two blank pages. This time they take their complaint directly to the publisher, who tells them that the novel isn't Polish at all, but Cimmerian, a language that is at once contemporary and extinct. In order to follow up their inquiry, they consult a professor at the university, who is an expert in the field. They learn that the book is only a fragment and soon find themselves caught up in a vicious academic brawl between the supporters of Cimmerian and those of Cimbrian, a language that is supposed to have replaced it. The reader and his friend consult the publisher once more and learn that the book is not Polish-Cimmerian at all, but a translation of a French detective story. This introduces the translator, a shadowy figure of doubtful morality, who is engaged in purveying translations of a novel supposedly written by an international best-selling author, Silas Flannery. This work, following episodes worthy of Evelyn Waugh, is in turn imitated by a Japanese author. The books are smuggled hither and yon, in and out of totalitarian countries in false dust jackets, with further transformations into Czech and Spanish. The constant metamorphosis of the original novel into one form after another permits Calvino to give samples, 10 in all, from the whole range of contemporary writing around the world. These passages appear between chapters that deal with the two readers' attempts to verify their texts and constitute an entertaining series of parodies of some of the principal genres of contemporary fiction, ranging from the East European political novel to the Latin American novel, which is presented as a bizarre amalgam of Borges, García Márquez, and Julio Cortázar.

These sequences are witty and amusing, but it must also be said that other parts of the book are excessive and at times ridiculous. *If on a winter's night a traveler* is a novel impelled more by an idea than by feeling, more by intellect than by character. Despite its cleverness, it begins to grow tedious. What might have been a successful short story or novella, a tour de force succeeding precisely because of its wit (whose soul is brevity), is here blown up beyond reason. The foot that in the opening chapters was firmly planted in the world of daily reality no longer stands firm, and fantasy begets fantasy with diminishing returns.

This fault reflects a misjudgment of the nature of successful humor. Delight in exaggeration and bizarre incident is a fundamental element in much Italian humor, as we know from the *commedia dell'arte*. Its success depends on a continuing enrichment and development of humor from one level to another, to unexpected heights of absurdity. Its greatest enemy is repetition, and unfortunately Calvino's new novel is guilty of this fault, not in precise incident, but in the type of incident. The book's fundamental joke is reiterated again and again. The novel also lacks fully developed characters, for, being a book inspired by an idea, it relies more on mental agility than on the human foibles that lie at the heart of the richest humor.

But the book contains much that is charming. The parodies of the world's modern literatures are delightful. The range of types Calvino has attempted and successfuly rendered is prodigious, and it is worth adding that the challenge of rendering this material in English has been brilliantly met by Calvino's customary translator, William Weaver.

Moreover, beneath the laughter and the absurdity lies a serious concept. It centers on the nature of reality and the way that reality is perceived through art. What is the use of art? How does the quest of the artist coincide with the quest of the reader? The 10 novels here represented are seen at once as a kaleidoscope of all literature and as part of a single novel—part of a universal human vision. These concepts are dealt with most fully in the latter part of the novel where we are given Silas Flannery's notebooks as well as conversations on art between the reader and a public official whose role as censor brings into question the subversive aspect of all serious literature. Some-

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times these relations are sadly comic, as when Flannery recounts how a literary critic of the new school has discussed his work in such a way that it is wholly unrecognizable to him. Irritated by her schematic approach, he says, "I expect readers to read in my books something I don't know, but I can expect it only for those who expect to read something they didn't know." So much for professors who impose their formulas on whatever they read. At the same time, Flannery is equally naive: he imagines that what he wants to do is to communicate with his readers. But when he meets a female reader he finds attractive, he is disappointed when he finds that she does not share his enthusiasm for complete physical communication.

Calvino belongs to the younger school of Italian writers who wish to go beyond the neo-realists of the 1950s. They see the world no longer as a coherent entity but as a group of fragments that seem not to be controlled by common principles of logic. In this, Calvino is similar in some ways to the Argentine writer Julio Cortázar. In a world where our lives are circumscribed by governments, unions, armies, and politicians that paralyze us more than help us, Calvino relies finally on the individual voice. Even the government censor needs him and welcomes him: "As long as I know there exists in the world someone who does tricks only for the love of the trick, as long as I know there is a woman who loves reading for reading's sake, I can convince myself that the world continues. . . . And every evening I, too, abandon myself to reading, like that distant unknown woman. . . ." For Calvino, civilization rests on the individual act.

Frank MacShane

Frank MacShane teaches at Columbia University. His most recent book is *The Life of John O'Hara* (Dutton).

Capital Spies

Spectrum
by David Wise

(Viking; $12.95)

Gorky Park
by Martin Cruz Smith

(Random House; $13.95)

Spying may be discredited these days, seen by many as a nasty, underhanded business. But spies in novels have lost none of their fascination or sinister charm, the slightly seedy glamour that always has been part of the job. Of course, fictional spies do not always act like heroes. They are often wry and laconic, as wary of heroic gestures as they are of the enemy's spooks. Yet amid the lush settings and unlikely plots of spy thrillers we still expect to find men whose judgments and integrity are somehow more seasoned than our own. Something about spying, we believe, tests a person's moral reflexes and reveals the soul in a way that no other experience can. That, anyway, is what spy thrillers count on.

The spy in David Wise's new novel, *Spectrum*, is an old-fashioned kind of hero, a man who risks his life to restore what he sees as the tarnished integrity of his country. Robert Travers has been in the CIA for close to 25 years when he decides that he must tell the American people about the agency's dirtiest trick: an operation carried out in the mid-1960s, in which the CIA stole enriched uranium from a Pennsylvania plant and secretly built a dozen nuclear missiles that could be used later to blackmail the president. In revealing the operation, Travers wants not to discredit the agency but to expiate its sins, the first step in what he hopes will be the reconstruction of a trustworthy intelligence agency.

Travers makes his confession to a young liberal senator; the snag is that he has no evidence to support it. The CIA has destroyed all files concerning the top-secret Spectrum operation, and most of the other agents who participated in it have been murdered. Worst of all, Travers has no idea where the agency director, Townsend Black, has hidden the missiles. The only way he can prove his story is to risk his own life by informing Black that he has decided to reveal the secret—hoping that Black will incriminate himself by attempting to have him killed. All very ingenious, in the way of such plots, and this is only the first half of David Wise's novel. Alas, it is not true that a clever plot is all that is needed for a good spy thriller.

In *Spectrum*, as in his earlier nonfiction books, David Wise is concerned above all to teach readers about how the CIA works. He writes informatively about the filing and shredding systems used at agency headquarters in Langley, Virginia, and about the spies assigned to carry out political assassinations. But he also interpolates endless catalogs of special weapons and disguises, and reconstructs Travers's day as chief of the CIA London station—an occasion to review all the different kinds of operations that the agency encourages there. Then, in case readers have lost track of the plot during one of these long instructive passages, Wise laboriously recapitulates it, several times tracing the execution of plans that have been outlined in some detail earlier in the book. Some of his explanations are merely tedious; others are laughable.

And for all the authentic detail in the novel, it describes a terribly familiar world: the heavy-set thugs waiting outside in the parking lot; Travers's lunch with the head of British intelligence at a wood-paneled London club; the shoot-out between Travers and the agent sent to kill him in a first-class sleeping compartment of a train tunneling under the Alps. But then Wise has a way of making even intriguing scenes seem strangely conventional. There is an "eerie and unexpected silence" at Langley headquarters, something between "pastoral splendor" and "a weird, almost Martian atmosphere." As for Travers, he is nearly as bland as the settings he moves through. A grown-up boy scout with a beautiful English mistress and a seemingly insatiable taste for steak and expensive white wine, he is more an administrator than a spy. He also, it turns out, has a charmed life: the ace assassin misses twice—only the first of Travers's lucky breaks.

But most awkward of all is the novel's homespun lesson about the ethics of intelligence work. "'I know it sounds

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obvious,'" Travers says, "'but dammit all, I believe that from the very beginning the agency's fundamental problem has been a confusion of ends and means.'" His conclusion: "'It's got to stop. We can't go on breaking the law and violating the Constitution because we think, or pretend to think, we're saving the country. We'll end up destroying it.'" It is an unobjectionable point, unnecessarily repeated at least five or six times as the novel unfolds.

Here and there Wise hints at a somewhat more subtle and frightening view of the way the CIA has been able to evade reforms and restrictions, perhaps because, in spite of all that is said, neither the government nor the public finally wants to curb a weapon as powerful as the agency. But Wise is quick to suppress such dark complications. Whatever persuasive arguments the novel might have made about the excesses of the CIA, Wise overstates his case by casting the head of the agency as an implausibly diabolical villain, quite happy to be the one to start World War III with his hidden missiles. Even the tacky, sadistic agents that Travers contends with earlier in the novel are more convincingly dangerous: men and women simply following orders, concerned above all with "tradecraft." Indeed, if most CIA employees are as shallow and incompetent as Wise suggests, perhaps the agency is in trouble. But then, it seems unlikely that this is what Wise intended.

Martin Cruz Smith's engaging new novel, *Gorky Park*, is also set in the thick of international intrigue—in Moscow. Homicide investigator Arkady Renko comes to spying quite inadvertently: from the beginning he sees that the three faceless corpses he finds frozen in Gorky Park are part of some kind of international swindle, a case not for his civil police but for the KGB. Smith's opening chapters are as jaunty and sardonic as Arkady himself, a sharp young detective "with no illusions" about his own thankless job or the hypocritical bullies in the KGB. He is frequently scolded by his wife and friends for not doing more to ingratiate himself with local party bosses. And yet, for all his skeptical reserve, Arkady is slowly drawn to the case, in part at least by his concern not to let the KGB get away with another crude cover-up. From the beginning, then, there is something unusual and winning about Arkady: a moral hero without a trace of righteousness, an enigmatic figure as alluring as the mystery he is trying to solve.

Then the clues start to come in: one of the corpses has American dental work; a raffish black marketeer identifies the two other victims as a young Siberian outlaw and his Jewish girlfriend. Telephone conversations routinely taped by the KGB implicate the sleek American businessman John Osborne. Arkady muses over the evidence, enacting and reenacting what he knows about the crime, and the pieces fall into place with impeccable timing. But what troubles him most is why the rich and powerful American fur trader would bother with these shabby victims. Arkady still does not know what to make of Osborne when they meet at an elegant bathhouse, unknown to the public, where important party members entertain guests with "unavailable" caviar and officials float "like walruses in the heated water." This is Smith at his most imaginative: keenly observant and playful, almost outlandish in his conception of the glittering exotic scene, interested above all in the way the two characters size each other up. Watching Osborne, Arkady is surprised by "a sense of power under restraint. He himself was too stilted and inquisitorial. He had to change that." This is only the first of many readjustments that Arkady will make as he stumbles after Osborne to find what Smith later calls "an ascent to a dark view . . . contact with the soul of evil."

The Gorky Park murder case is solved long before the end of the novel. But by that time Arkady is entangled in lines of intrigue and double-dealing that lead far beyond Moscow: lines that reach to the KGB and the FBI and link Osborne to Arkady's boss Iamskoy, the chief prosecutor of Moscow, in an elaborate smuggling scheme to break the Soviet monopoly in the sable fur trade. Other lines connect Osborne with Arkady's lover Irina Asanova, who sleeps with the American because, like her friends who were killed in Gorky Park, she believes he can get her out of the Soviet Union. Yet other lines lead to Arkady's ex-wife and his best friend, who both betray him to the KGB. The last section of the novel takes place in New York, where Arkady and Irina have been sent by the KGB—decoys meant to ensnare Osborne. The lines of intrigue also connect power and greed with ideological fanaticism.

In New York, Arkady tells his friend, the American detective William Kirwill, that he became an investigator because he felt the job would give him "special permission to deal with the truth"—the underworld that is not supposed to exist and crimes that officially do not happen in Soviet society. By the end of the novel he can hardly take the measure of "the truth" that has been revealed not only in Moscow but also in New York, among his enemies and his friends and within himself. This is what makes *Gorky Park* so extraordinary among thrillers where the heroes are up against simple villains or enemy organizations. Smith sees to it that there is nothing easy or superior about the moral insight that Arkady earns.

In the spacious second half of the novel, Martin Cruz Smith reaches ambitiously for a number of serious themes: not only Arkady's knowledge of evil, but also his and Irina's questions about what it means to be free. One after the other, the certainties in Arkady's life have fallen away, leaving him with little to go on but his intuitions about other people. It is a dangerous kind of freedom that allows him to befriend his archenemy from the KGB and to strike a deal with Osborne. Arkady's affair with Irina pulls him yet further "out of orbit," into a dreamlike private world that they create in a bare apartment in Moscow and a drab New York hotel room. By the end of the novel Arkady finds himself in a kind of stark moral landscape where people do only what they really have to do. Only in this setting could Irina say so poignantly about her decision to sleep with Osborne: "'I sold myself to escape, to

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become alive, I'm not ashamed, Arkasha. I would be ashamed of myself if I hadn't. I'll never say I'm sorry I did that.'"

The novel's last scene is disappointing, not so much because of its conventional shoot-out as because Smith is unable to find a way to bring Arkady and Irina back from this remarkable private world. After the gun battle, they stand awkwardly in the snow arguing about whether to stay in the US or return to the Soviet Union. And yet it is possible to forgive even this banality as Smith closes the book with characteristic flair—yet another mysterious and unforgettable image. Left alone on Staten Island with Osborne's stolen sables, Arkady "thrilled as each cage door opened and the wild sables made their leap and broke for the snow—black on white, black on white, black on white, and then gone."

Where to draw the line between spy thrillers and serious novels? Does it matter? Clearly both Wise and Smith have chosen to ignore the line, often at their own peril. But then, what makes a spy so different from any other hero? According to Wise, the spy grapples with a special kind of dilemma, a privileged trust. This may be an appealing idea, but it is hardly persuasive. Smith makes no such claims. He uses the world of the KGB and the FBI, as he uses the other settings in the novel, to reflect Arkady's widening view of good and evil. Still, the way Smith describes it, with ever-inventive prose and startling detail, the spy's world in *Gorky Park* does seem to be a truly extraordinary place, a fit setting for even the most extravagant of moral tales.

Tamar Jacoby

Tamar Jacoby is on the staff of the *New York Review of Books.*

In the Path of Progress

Where Mountains Roar: A Personal Report from the Sinai and Negev Desert by Lesley Hazleton

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $12.95)

Lesley Hazleton's book about the Sinai and the Negev tells three stories. It is her personal journey, a spiritual exploration inspired by her travels in these desert lands. The book also tells us about these deserts, as they have been and as they are becoming. Finally it is the story of the impact of modern nationalism on a region rich in historical and spiritual meaning for a large portion of humanity. In this last sense the book is about the arrogant quality in Western man that can let nothing be as it is, that must transform, master, or destroy all that lies in his path. Hazleton is not altogether successful in integrating her three stories—perhaps that would be an impossible task—so the book seems choppy at times. But she has a lot to say, and it is important that we pay attention.

The author is an Israeli of British background, and links herself to the English traditions of desert exploration, with Charles Doughty, T.E. Lawrence, and others, spiritual seekers who wished to recover in the desert aspects of themselves that were choked off in the "green and pleasant land" of their upbringing. Hazleton came to the Middle East in 1966; her travels in the Negev and Sinai deserts, upon which this book is based, began in 1978. Among the awesome mountains, ugly flint rocks, and clean dunes she experienced the common paradox of spiritual explorers, the discovery of a self expanded in the very process of declaring the "sense of self" irrelevant. She wishes in her account to be totally open about her emotional experience in a way that Doughty and Lawrence could not be, "for feelings and emotions were not the open book in the literature of fifty or a hundred years ago that they are today." She recognizes that "the desert imposes selflessness; to the stubbornly selfish, it accords only fear, madness, or death." The selfishness she has in mind is the need of Western man, as embodied in this instance by the modern Israeli state, to impose the self, to use technology out of need or fear, always to try to change what is.

Hazleton clearly has admired the vitality and purpose of the young state of Israel. But the national policy of "conquering" the desert or of "making the desert bloom" violates the essential character of the desert. "I never dreamed that I would grow to love the desert with the passion I do," she writes, "nor that I would begin to see what was to me a proud national ideology as a threat to what I love."

Hazleton's second story, of the desert itself, is richly informative. It is the story of an ageless terrain, of rock and sand, but above all of "life on the brink of death." Among many other facts, we learn about the fine art of desert tracking developed by the Bedouin, who can, for example, tell the speed of a walker and whether the footprint is made by a man or a woman.

The third story, of the impact of modern nationalism on the Sinai and Negev, centers on the destruction of the Bedouin way of life and of the nomadic people themselves, especially in the Negev. It is an awful tale which, if it has been described accurately and fairly by Hazleton, should draw the world's attention.

Until 1948, when the state of Israel was formed, the Bedouin were the sole long-term inhabitants of the Negev desert. Under Israeli law formal registration documents are the only officially accepted proof of land ownership. Since the nomadic Bedouin could not produce these, the state has, according to Hazleton, claimed all the lands in the Negev. After the war of independence ended in 1949 there were 13,000 Bedouin remaining in the Negev. By the mid-1970s this number had tripled and in 1976 the Labor government proposed a financial settlement which satisfied some of the Bedouin's needs but required that they waive all claims to 50 percent of the disputed land in the Negev. The Bedouin felt insulted by the proposal and the tribal leaders rejected it. Since that time relations between Bedouin and Israeli authorities have deteriorated, especially since the Likud government came to power in May 1977.

A special police unit called the Green Patrol was established in January 1977 to ensure that the increased number of Bedouin goats and sheep would not damage Jewish agricultural settlements or nature reserves. Under the "guidance" of Ariel Sharon, the Likud minister of agriculture, the Green Patrol has degenerated, according to Hazleton's

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description, into a gang of vigilantes who terrorize the Bedouin and their families. When Hazleton asked the head of the Green Patrol about such behavior he replied:

> One man's justice is another man getting screwed. That's it. Now there's one thing I'll fight for to the ends of the earth. And that's that this land remain ours, Jewish. Land that we bought in the Negev with blood and money is ours. It was the Beduin's before? Fine. It's ours now.

We are witnessing, Hazleton says, "the whole sad tale of a disappearing culture." For one who lived for a brief time among these proud and free people as I have, this is a disturbing story. I wondered how widely this policy toward the Bedouin of the Negev is known among the Israeli population.

Hazleton points out that Israel's record of treatment of its Bedouin citizens was once much better than that of "its Arab neighbors." But, as she sensitively points out, "one cares far more deeply about the injustices perpetrated by one's own society." One might add that a special moral responsibility, rightly or wrongly, seems to be expected of members of a Jewish society, which deepens the concern for how one's people behaves toward others.

The Bedouin had considered themselves a people apart, outside the conflict between the Arab confrontation states and Israel, even though the Bedouin are the original Arab peoples; but the Israeli policy toward them, according to Hazleton, is driving them into the Arab camp. When the Likud came to power in 1977, stories began to circulate in the media that the Bedouin were being encouraged and financed by Israel's enemies to undertake activities which were "a menace to the general welfare of the state." Should the Bedouin now in fact be starting such activities, it will most likely be seen as confirmation of these earlier suspicions.

One cannot help wondering what the psychosocial dynamics might be of a policy toward a potentially loyal minority that seems so clearly to work against the self-interest of the Israeli state. A clue was provided in an interview Hazleton obtained with a senior government official concerning why the Bedouin were denied the right to start *moshavim*, cooperative agricultural settlements, in the Negev. "The Jews do agriculture far better than the Beduin, and the Jews will have the *moshavim*, not the Beduin," he said. "Listen to me," he continued,

> The Beduin are human material that is the antithesis of order. And you need order to establish *moshavim*. We want that land for the Jews! Every inch of land is now of vital importance for the future of the country. The Jews of Israel need the land; the land belongs to the state, and the state will give it to the Jews to work. And the state will decide, not the Beduin, where the Beduin will live and what they will do.

This mentality, the investment of all value in one's own people or ethnic group, and a tendency to devalue the humanity of another group, seems to be found often among peoples who have themselves suffered repeated traumatization and humiliation.

The tragedy of the Bedouin people is not the only consequence of modern nationalism in the Sinai and Negev. Some of the changes are fruitful. Modern irrigation methods are applying principles known to the ancient Nabateans, discovering underground sources of brackish water called aquifers or "fossil water," which are being used effectively for agriculture. Israeli ingenuity and technical knowledge are combined in pioneering efforts to find new approaches to farming in arid and semi-arid zones. But Hazleton describes hideous towns growing in the desert, the painting of rocks in the wilderness, and other forms of desecration that arise out of the inability to allow things to be as they are. The Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty, which offers so many constructive possibilities for these two countries, and in which Hazleton rejoices, also further threatens the destruction of the Sinai and Negev deserts. President Sadat, in the spirit of ecumenism, has proposed to build a joint mosque-synagogue-church on top of Mount Sinai. This has incensed the monks of the monastery of Santa Katerina, who anticipate that the ensuing flood of tourists and motor vehicles will destroy the peace of their shrine. The Israeli withdrawal from Sinai means that unless real peace is achieved in the region much of the Negev will turn into a vast military and industrial area. "Where will we escape the sound of trucks laboring uphill, the booms of artillery practice on the plains, the litter and garbage dumps of civilization, the ravages of industrial pollution?"

This, then, is the central meaning, I think, of Lesley Hazleton's important book. All human beings, like the Bedouin of the Negev, are becoming the victims of modern nationalism. For it is the purpose of nations to pursue the self-interest of its people, sometimes defined primarily in terms of the dominant ethnic group. But nations often do so at the expense of the interests and values of mankind as a whole.

John E. Mack

John E. Mack is author of *A Prince of Our Disorder: The Life of T. E. Lawrence* (Little, Brown).

Brief Review

On Higher Education by David Riesman

(Josey-Bass, Inc.; $16.95)

David Riesman undertook *On Higher Education* in 1976 for the Carnegie Council on Policy Studies in Higher Education as a report on "the academic enterprise in an era of rising student consumerism," which is the book's subtitle. But Riesman ranges far beyond his initial intent of analyzing the growth in student power—which manifested itself in the 1970s less in radical activism than in consumer concerns—and the corresponding decline of faculty autonomy. Riesman was among the first to recognize the dangers that would be faced by overextended colleges and universities, and the influence that would devolve upon students who suddenly found themselves courted customers rather than supplicants for admission. Now in accounting for the causes and effects of a buyer's market, Riesman paints on the broad canvas he has worked on since *The Lonely Crowd* (1950). Thus he deals with such larger social and cultural influences as the demographic revolution, the women's movement, affirmative action and its vicissitudes, the fallout from the 1960s counterculture, and the self-destructive aspects of an educational system predicated on a twin social commitment to meritocracy and equality.

Riesman set out to write a guide for those who were "prepared to make an active choice of college rather than to attend the nearest available or the most prestigious institution." But, as is typical of his work, Riesman found himself addressing an increasingly wider audience—not only those with a stake in higher education, but those concerned more generally with American society and its future.

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Each constituency has a great deal to learn from this book. For students and parents, Riesman dispenses both wisdom and cautionary tales about the discrepancy between individuals' needs and wants; the importance of identifying "best" colleges less by reputations or available financial aid than by the likely interaction of student and institutional characteristics; the factors to be considered in balancing college costs against "value-added" results, both academic and social, not all of which are quantifiable; the equal, if not greater, importance of competent advising compared to inspired teaching.

For faculty, policy-makers, and concerned citizens, Riesman suggests proposals for minimizing the homogeneity that diminishes educational options in a competitive market. One example is an "educational opportunity bank," geared to future earnings, to free students from parental pressures and both students and parents from institutional seductions.

As *On Higher Education* went to press, David Riesman retired from full-time teaching at Harvard. No one of his generation has had greater influence on American higher education. As he puts it in his preface, "I believe passionately in reason, and I believe we cannot achieve our expectations except by implementing them rationally—by which I do not mean employing less passion or conviction." *On Higher Education* is further evidence of David Riesman's dual commitment.

Robert Hassenger

Robert Hassenger teaches at Empire State College, SUNY, in Saratoga Springs.

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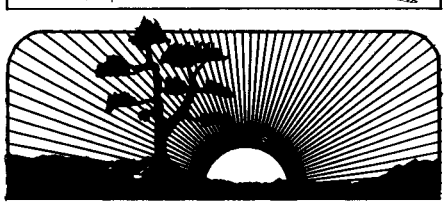

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Washington Diarist

Credible Sources

Forgive me for lingering on old news. But the day the Janet Cooke story collapsed was not, despite the long faces at the *Washington Post*, a bad day for journalism. By the paper's own canons, at least, it was a terrific day: a hot story, with important people squirming in the shame of revealed facts. This had become the *Post*'s specialty—an unbroken string of victories for light over darkness, it seemed, until Janet Cooke's piece of pathology broke the spell. Only James Wechsler in the *New York Post* seems to have noticed that the suddenly homeless Pulitzer devolved upon Teresa Carpenter of the *Village Voice*, whose Pulitzer submission was a smarmy psychological double portrait of the late Allard Lowenstein and his killer Dennis Sweeney. In the *Voice*, psychological means mostly sexual, so there was some unattributed surmising, quite vicious most of it, about a supposed hidden side of Lowenstein's private life, though not so hidden that there weren't people who knew people who knew people who. . . . Allard and I had our differences but I was offended by this "now it can be told" article with very little meaningful to tell. The Pulitzer doesn't stand for very much; still, I'm surprised that this search and destroy mission was to the taste of the prize trustees. It was also to the taste of the editors of the *Washington Post*, for that's where I read it, reprinted from the *Voice*.

When I read something I don't like I grumble; after the Lowenstein piece I grumbled to a friend who does some lawyering for the *Post*. When I read something that's not true, I complain. I'm like Bellow's Herzog, but with a telephone: I can't take it back. I've made myself a pest at the *Post*, telling Ben Bradlee and Meg Greenfield, Kay Graham and my old student, Don Graham, about the false stuff they run about the Middle East. They think I'm a crank, but they knew me when they thought I wasn't, so they'll still take my calls. The *Post* reported that "Syrian peacekeeping troops hit crowded apartment blocks in Christian East Beirut with rocket fire." A while back a headline addressed "the problem in Palestine." What would we think if the *Post* headlined a story about Alsace-Lorraine "the problem in Germany"? But it's not just the judgment calls—like whether an army pounding a civilian neighborhood is rightly a peacekeeping force or whether a country that has its own name should be called by a British colonial name it hasn't had for 33 years—that provoke my crankiness. Sometimes it's just the facts, which brings us to the problem of sources. Janet Cooke didn't have any. Another story "too good to check," which is to say "too good to resist," was the *Post*'s dispatch (February 7, 1979) about how, as part of a systematic policy, Israel tortured 29 Palestinian prisoners. This one did have a source, Alexandra U. Johnson, an American consular official in Jerusalem, but she turned out to be—well, unreliable. Even the Carter State Department, which wasn't famous for punishing staffers who found ways to embarrass Israel, found it had to fire her. Johnson's sources were the 29 Palestinians, all confessed and convicted terrorists, all seeking entry as immigrants to the US. We don't import criminals, so the criminals had to claim innocence and assert that they were tortured into confessing. One of them was engaged to Ms. Johnson, though it may have been a green card engagement. Ben Bradlee thought her tale convincing, so the story was printed. It quickly unraveled. There had been virtually no checking. Or, as a subsequent editorial demurely conceded, the *Post* "was offered full on-the-ground cooperation by the Israeli government in examining the truth of the charges, but the actual arrangements have not yet been made." The story apparently was too good to check in advance of publication. The *Post* has a genuine bias for the startling story in the Middle East. The *Post* also has two correspondents in the area, Jonathan C. Randal and William Claiborne, with very particular biases against Israel. It's a bias apparently shared by the people who put the paper together. On the same day (January 3, 1981) that the *Post* played big on page one the since repudiated charge by the UN that Israel detonated the corpses of five PLO infiltrators, it relegated to an inch box on a back page the news from Jordanian and Iraqi news services that Syria had executed 200 members of the Moslem Brotherhood in the Aleppo public square. If you want reliable treatment of the Middle East, look elsewhere.

There are now close to two million Afghan refugees living in misery in camps in Pakistan, plus an unknown number of others who fled from their occupied and tormented country into Iran and China. The world remains strangely indifferent to their fate. The radical students of Berlin and Berkeley pursue their studies and their amusements, the United Nations pauses only briefly in its customary pursuits, and liberal opinion passes by with resolutely averted eyes. The Reagan administration has now resumed feeding those who've driven the Afghans into exile. Even the leaders of the Palestinians, who, as the pioneers and aristocrats of refugees and as brother Moslems, might have been expected to sympathize, have come out as apologists for the Russians. Why have the Afghan refugees failed to attract the world attention and indignation accorded other refugees? They have neither oil nor money. The Russians, with the immense network they control, are against them instead of for them. They do not wage war against Jews and thus have been unable to tap the vast pool of sentiment and resentment to which this would give them access, in the churches and the universities, in business and government. The Afghans have nothing going for them but suffering, courage, and loyalty. The five million refugees in Africa are even worse off. They are not white, not Arab, and for the most part not Moslem; they have no rich uncles with oil; they cannot easily be presented as victims of the Communists or the imperialists or the Jews, and are therefore useless for political warfare. Even those who might have been their natural spokesmen have lent or given their voices for more rewarding causes.

The New Republic does not review books of its own kith and kin. This exclusion includes works published by New Republic Books, now operating for all kinds of sound business reasons as an independent editorial imprint at Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Our first publication under the new arrangement is Elie Kedourie's *Islam in the Modern World*, just now out. American reviews are not yet in, but the British ones are. All are favorable. And there'll be no one who'll challenge Kedourie's sources. One critic wrote, "this volume represents the work of a great historian at the height of his powers." Another went one better: "the best historian of our time." As Kedourie's publisher, and the person who got him to do the book, I'm more than satisfied.

M. P.

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Furor Over a Non-Vitamin

A-21, it's called. When he first heard about it, Yale's president A. Bartlett Giamatti thought it was a vitamin. It has aroused high ire among scientists and educators, in a ruckus pitting academe against government bureaucracy. The controversy illuminates how Washington's tentacles are spreading on campus, threatening academic freedom and scientific inquiry.

Circular A-21 is a set of regulations issued years ago by the U.S. Office of Management and Budget. It sets forth cost accounting principles for colleges and universities performing research under government grants.

What touched off the current commotion is an amendment to A-21 that took effect last fall over widespread protests. The revision calls for an onerous kind of documentation by faculty members receiving federal research grants. They're now required to account for 100% of their doings. They're supposed to keep track of and report precisely how much time they spend on research, teaching, administration, counseling, and other activities, both on campus and off.

The new tangle of red tape has drawn attack, individually and collectively, from academicians and scientists across the country. They see it as wasteful, meaningless, costly, demeaning, and detrimental to scientific progress. At one large West Coast university, the regulation will generate 3,000 to 8,000 more reports yearly and will mean spending up to $300,000 to put in the new reporting system, according to the journal *Science*.

Among the critics are the National Academy of Sciences, the Association of American Universities, the Council of Scientific Society Presidents, and numerous faculty senates. The academy takes the view that the regulation will churn up a mountain of "cumbersome and meaningless" paperwork, stifle flexibility in research, and frustrate and demoralize faculty members. Educational institutions, already hard pressed financially, will now be forced to spend large sums in ways that contribute nothing to education and science.

Individual professors protest that it's none of the government's business how they spend their time. They seethe at having to tell the government how much effort they devote to activities unrelated to government-sponsored research. The University of Hawaii's faculty senate has decried "any attempt to assess intellectual effort by hours expended, rather than objectives achieved. . ."

A similar reporting requirement was proposed in the late 1960s. It was quickly dropped on recommendation of a government task force that called it "meaningless and a waste of time" both for the government and universities. Now it's back again.

"Never have I seen the lash of federal regulation applied to a crucial area of the nation's intellectual life with such seeming indifference to financial and human consequences," President Giamatti of Yale declared in a speech last fall. "Science is at the core of the university's mission," he said. "Whatever strikes at that core cuts at the heart of the university."

A slowdown in the pace of innovation is a key cause of America's economic sluggishness and declining competitiveness in world markets. Basic research enlarges and builds knowledge leading to technological innovation. Much of America's basic research is carried out in universities. It doesn't make sense to blunt scientific creativity, inquiry, and experimentation on campus through still more layers of red tape that serve only to keep paper-shuffling bureaucrats busy.

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